

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLII.—NO. 28.

NEWPORT, R. I., DECEMBER 18, 1909.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,513.

The Mercury.

—PUBLISHED BY—
THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

82 N. MAIN STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1878, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The first printed in the English language. It is a large, quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, news, local and general news, well selected advertisements and valuable business and household departments. Reading to many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

Y. M. C. A. Dedication.

Although Mr. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, the donor of the handsome new Vanderbilt Memorial Building for the Y. M. C. A., will probably be unable to be present, the dedicatory exercises for this new building will be held at the last of the year, there being practically a three days' programme in honor of the occasion. Some noted speakers from out of town have been promised to be present, and an interesting programme will be arranged.

The formal exercises will be held on Friday evening, December 31, when the principal address will be made by President William H. P. Furness of Brown University. There will also be short addresses by one or two other speakers from out of town, but all the details have not yet been arranged.

On the following day, New Year's, there will be a public reception and inspection of the building, afternoon and evening, at which the members of the Women's Auxiliary will assist in a social way and will serve a light collation.

Sunday will be observed as Association Day throughout the city. In a number of the city pulpits there will be Y. M. C. A. speakers at the morning services. There will be a men's meeting in the Vanderbilt building Sunday afternoon, at which ex-Governor George H. Utter of Westerly will be the principal speaker. Sunday evening there will probably be a mass meeting at the Y. M. C. A., a number of the churches having already expressed their willingness to give up their own evening services to participate at this meeting. It will probably be in the nature of a platform meeting, with a number of the prominent Y. M. C. A. speakers who will be in town at that time.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening was quite a busy one, there being several important matters to be considered.

The commissioners appointed some time ago to investigate the matter of widening Third street made a report, showing that the cost to the city would be very large. They were unable to come to terms with some of the abutters as to the value of the land that would be necessary and consequently were obliged to report estimates only in some cases. The total cost to the city figured at nearly \$100,000. The report of the commission was received and their bill of \$250 was ordered paid.

A number of petitions for street lights were received and referred to committee. Two petitions for remission of taxes were referred to the assessors of taxes. Several minor licenses were granted. Aldermen Shepley, Mahoney and Kelly were appointed a committee to have charge of the inauguration of the new city government in January. The regular weekly bills and pay rolls were approved.

On the petition of Captain S. C. Griffith of the police department for reimbursement of expenses he incurred as the result of a fall on an alleged defective sidewalk on Calvert street, it was voted to pay him \$75 for doctor's bill and medicine. The loss of the city quarry for two years, as drawn by the city solicitor, was approved and signed.

An attempt to call up the report on the proposed Bateman avenue extension was unsuccessful, but the West Narragansett avenue extension was taken up and a hearing ordered for January 10.

Officers Weaver and Craze are ordered to their homes by illness.

Professor Crosby's Reading.

At the Uxley Club on Tuesday evening Professor Thomas Crosby gave his annual reading before the Club, taking Sidney Grundy's play of "Sowing the Wind" as his selection. The President, A. O'D. Taylor, Jr., opened the meeting by expressing the welcome which he felt was in store for Professor Crosby. He then made some brief remarks on the origin of the "problem" play, explaining that the "problems" generally arose through the condition of our complicated social arrangements, coming in contact with our professed, though often unpracticed Christian beliefs—a discord is immediately sounded, the harmony of life lost for the time, and the "problem" is born. Mr. Taylor pointed out that three "problems" were by no means new ones, but were matters which had been under the gravest consideration of clergymen, philanthropists, social reformers and others for many, many years. These bodies of men had not been able to cure the condition, and the solution is still to be found. Naturally the "problem" found its way to the stage, which is the great mirror which reflects life in all its aspects. Here the "problem" will be clearly seen by the masses and possibly this added light and publicity belonging to the subject may be the means of eventually discovering the solution. Mr. Taylor thought however that the solution must be found in each individual's heart.

The play of "Sowing the Wind" is considered one of Sidney Grundy's strongest and most masterly works, and the reading of it by Professor Crosby was an artistic treat to all present. Professor Crosby's delivery of appreciation, and his peculiarly well modulated voice, added greatly to the artistic success achieved by him in this reading.

Fully 240 people were present, and all pronounced the evening a decided success.

The next meeting will be a paper on "The Chambers" by Miss Grace Brazier, January 4, 1910.

A New Hotel.

The Breunton's Reef Hotel Company announce that they have selected a site on Boston's Point, a short distance over the Middletown line, as the location for a fine summer hotel which they are going to put up there. They claim that the structure will be modern in every respect, of fireproof construction, and will be what Newport is greatly in need of. They say that work will be begun soon. The site has been selected only after careful consideration of all the available places, and is regarded as satisfactory. Negotiations will be entered into with the street railway to an endeavor to secure an extension of the tracks at least as far as the bridge, so that the guests can have easy access to the city by the cars as well as by the automobiles that will be maintained by the hotel.

There is no doubt about the necessity for a hotel in Newport, and if this company means business it should receive much encouragement from the Newport business men. Some think the situation chosen is too far from the business section to be of the greatest benefit to the city, but there is no doubt that a good hotel wherever located within a reasonable distance will be of very great help to the business interests.

R. J. Mines Inspected.

The Rhode Island Coal Miner at Portsmouth were inspected on Wednesday by Mr. H. M. Whitney, of Boston, the promoter of the company, and others of the leading stockholders. Mr. Whitney is very enthusiastic over the prospects. The company has at present six diamond drills at work on various parts of the island drilling for coal. A large amount of lumber has been deposited at the Portsmouth station, the old buildings are being repaired and several new ones are being built. Some coal has been mined and shipped to Boston. Mr. Whitney says that the coal mines will be a very attractive spot for the next four years and will be the mecca for many people from other parts of the country. He had with him on this inspection several photographers who were to make pictures of the buildings, etc., belonging to the company.

Captain Cameron McRae Winslow, who has occupied the Cleveland Cottage in this city for several seasons, has taken a long lease of the Foxhall Keene estate on Long Island.

Mrs. John H. Sanborn, wife of Dr. John H. Sanborn, is ill at her home on Malbone avenue. Her condition does not show the improvement that her many friends would like to see.

Miss Helen Gould has presented the Army & Navy Y. M. C. A. of this city with a fine graphophone for Christmas.

Lots of Wind.

Newport was visited by a gale Monday night which at times attained a velocity to exposed spots that was estimated at about 55 miles an hour, and which very effectively interfered with all outside traffic during the night, and which caused houses within the city proper to rock and sway with the force of the blast. As the greatest violence of the storm came at a late hour of the night the regular vessels inside the bay escaped its severity but the Fall River Line steamers were obliged to lay by until the gale had somewhat abated.

There was very little damage done on land or sea in this vicinity. A chimney left standing by the fire at Easton's Beach was blown down and fell across the road so that early passers early the following morning had difficulty in getting by. Further up Bath road a tree that was blown across the road from the residence of Dr. Richard V. Mattison formed a second obstruction.

During the night a report was sent to the Life Saving Station that a launch was in danger near Sachuest Beach and an investigation was made, but it was found that there was no one on board, so no attempt was made to go out to it. The next morning the launch came ashore on the beach and was rescued by its owner with comparatively little damage being done.

The passengers for New York who had engaged passage by the Fall River Line that night was sent on by special train. The steamer coming eastward was obliged to lay up in the Sound during the height of the storm and did not reach here until about nine o'clock Tuesday morning when the Boston passengers were taken through to their destination on a special train.

An old tax book of the City of Newport for the year 1888 has recently come to hand, and proves of interest because of the contrast between that time and to-day. The amount to be raised by taxation was fixed at not less than \$78,000 nor more than \$80,000, including the State tax of \$25,820.24. The total value of real estate was \$7,790,800, of personal property, \$4,185,700, giving a total valuation of \$11,976,500. The rate of taxation was 95 cents on a hundred, and this gave a tax of \$79,042.20. The tax assessors were William Swan, Samuel Sterne John N. Potter, Joseph A. Carr, and Clark Burdick. William J. H. Aitman was the collector.

Mr. J. H. Barney, Jr., very kindly offered the use of his old store, which he has just vacated, to Newport Lodge of Elks, as headquarters for their annual distribution of Christmas cheer to the poor families of the city. The Elks will take possession next Monday and will be ready to receive all contributions for this purpose. The funds have been a little slower coming in this year than heretofore but the committee is working hard and intends to do all in its power to bring happiness to the poor on Christmas. The committee will probably receive all letters addressed to Santa Claus that go through the mails.

Mr. Harold E. Gilpin of New York, formerly of this city, has bought and furnished a cottage at Lyndhurst, N. Y., about 35 minutes ride from New York, and will occupy it the first week in January. He will be married at 6 o'clock New Year's night at St. Bartholomew's church, New York, to Miss Ethel W. Reid of that city. Only the immediate families will be present and no formal invitations have been sent out. A dinner will follow at the Murray Hill Hotel. The best man will be Mr. Louis Connolly, of New York, formerly of this city.

"What influence had the French nation on the American Revolution and what was the reason for the interest?" is the subject chosen by the committee of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for the papers by pupils of the Rogers High School in competition for the Chapter prizes. There are two prizes this year, one given by the Chapter and the other by Mrs. T. A. Lawton.

Mr. John D. Dickson, who has been seriously ill for more than four months, was operated upon at the Newport Hospital this week, and the trouble was found to be of a less serious nature than was expected. He is now on the high road to recovery and will probably be in better health than he has been for some time.

A detail of marines from the Naval Training Station was sent from here this week to join others of the corps from New England States to go to the seat of trouble in Nicaragua. Only about thirty men could be spared from the station.

Mr. and Mrs. Coomer A. Easterbrooks are entertaining their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur P. Angell, of Johnston, at their home on Walnut street.

Superior Court.

The second week of the December session of the Superior Court has been in some respects busier than the first. On the civil side of the docket there has not been very much going on, with the exception of a few divorce trials, but on the criminal side there has been some marked activity. Especially at the session on Monday was this activity noticeable, for the Attorney General had given notice that all criminal cases would be in order for that day in a conclusive attempt to clear the docket of many of the old cases that have been accumulating for years.

Monday morning there was a large attendance of members of the bar to look out for their clients' interests. The docket was gone over quickly but carefully. There were some cases in which the defendants had died and these were stricken off. Some cases were discontinued for lack of evidence, and others on payment of costs where the defendants had already suffered imprisonment while awaiting trial. In some instances there was no appearance of defendants and capias was issued except on guarantee of counsel to produce them in court at certain dates. The criminal docket was by no means wiped out but there was very marked progress made in getting the old cases cleaned up. The Attorney General wanted a hearing on the appeal for a new trial in the indictment against Joseph F. Badnelly, but it was finally agreed that this should go over and be heard in Providence.

The indictment returned by the grand jury at the present session against John Martin for assault with a dangerous weapon was taken up. The defendant pleaded guilty and in view of some extenuating circumstances received the light sentence of thirty days in the Newport County Jail and costs.

The case of Sarah Simon vs. Louis S. Simon for separate maintenance was taken up, on Monday afternoon, on the claim of the petitioner that the respondent had not complied with the order of the court to make certain payments. Evidence was introduced to show that the respondent was unable to make the payments ordered. On agreement of his counsel, to pay counsel and witness fees for the petitioner, the case was allowed to go to trial on its merits the next day, when the court granted the prayer for separate maintenance and gave the petitioner custody of the children with \$15 a week alimony.

On Tuesday the divorce petition of Benjamin T. McLyman, Jr., vs. Ethel M. McLyman was further considered and divorce was granted on the ground of desertion.

Deane Wilson Manchester vs. Jonathan Gould Manchester was a Portsmouth divorce case, and much testimony was taken. After hearing the testimony regarding the responsibility of the husband and his sickness the petition was denied and the case was dismissed.

There was but a brief session of the court on Wednesday, there being no case for trial. A few entries were made on the docket and the court then adjourned until Thursday.

On Thursday there was a case for trial by a jury of which John A. Elliott of Portsmouth was foreman. This was William T. Libby vs. Frank M. Bott alias, and involved the guarantee of certain mining stock sold to plaintiff by defendant. The plaintiff claimed the defendant sold him a certain number of shares of the Lava Beds Mining and Milling Company of California, with a guarantee that he could have his money back in a year if he wanted it. For the defendant it was claimed that the guarantee was not a personal one with the defendant, who claimed to be merely an agent, but was the guarantee of Dr. Merrill of St. Louis. It was further claimed that the plaintiff had not made a formal demand for the return of his money at the expiration of one year.

Late Thursday afternoon the jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

On Friday there was a trial of the case of Dennis Shanahan vs. Benjamin Easton, an action in replevin to recover certain boxes and other articles.

The engagement has been announced in New York of Miss Electra Havemeyer, daughter of Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, to Mr. J. Watson Webb, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. W. Seward Webb. Miss Havemeyer was introduced into society about three years ago, but has not entertained or entered society since the death of her father two years ago.

William H. Mathews of this city has been re-elected Grand Master of Masons (colored) in Rhode Island. Dr. Marcus F. Wheatland of this city is Grand Junior Warden and Dr. M. Alonzo Van Horne is Grand Secretary.

Bishop McVicar visited St. George's Church Friday evening and administered the rite of Confirmation. There was a large attendance present.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening, and being the last meeting of the year there was considerable business of importance to be considered.

The report of Superintendent Lull contained the following items:

The total enrollment for the four weeks ending November 24 was 3733, the average number belonging 3563.2, the average daily attendance 3280.6, the percent of attendance 91.9, the cases of tardiness 845, and the cases of dismissal 58. The enrollment is 118 more than one year ago.

The enrollment in the Townsend Industrial School was 1210. The average attendance in the evening schools was as follows:

Elementary—men 31.5, women 18.349.8	9
Freehand drawing	18
Mechanical drawing	21.8
Bookkeeping	17.2
Stenography—typewriting	110.8

Board of Health.

Since the October meeting 4 cases of scarlet fever and 4 cases of diphtheria have been reported and 18 pupils have been excluded from the public schools.

In November and December is the time to teach practical civics. Then the home and the school can work together. For the State election and later for the city, brief schedules of the most important topics were sent to teachers of grades 11-12, with the request that they teach their pupils as much as the age of the children would warrant. Sample ballots were also furnished. Pupils did not enter into the lesson, but what the election meant, what officials were elected, and, in some cases, what were their general duties, were ascertained.

The pupils of these grades also made a study, varying in quantity according to grade, of the fire department. An effort was made to bring out the value of the department, the great service of the firemen, and also the care that even children should take in preventing fire. Other departments of the city will be taken up during the year.

Extension.

The annual University Extension Centre lecture course is now under way in the Rogers assembly hall. The six lectures by Dr. Banks relate to ancient Egypt, Babylonia and Persia. The Civic League has offered without cost two lectures on civic matters by Professor Zuehlke of Chicago. The professor commended Newport for making the assembly hall of the Rogers a meeting place for men and women as well as for the pupils of the school.

Mr. Greenlaw, head of the science department of the Rogers, recently spoke at the fifty-fourth meeting of the Eastern Association of Physics Teachers at the Jefferson physical laboratory at Cambridge on "New Features of Wireless Telegraphy." His talk was illustrated by lantern slides and charts. Mr. Greenlaw is a vice president of the association.

By the kindness of R. Hammett Tilley, Abraham, the class in American history of Rogers, grade XIII, inspected last month the historical relics and other matters relating to their school work, which are in the rooms of the Newport Historical Society.

Treasurer Topham's report contained the following:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 268; number of cases of truancy (public 16, parochial 6), 22; number out for illness and other causes, 228; number of different children truant, 19; number found not attending school, 11; number sent to public schools, 7; number sent to parochial schools, 2; number of certificates issued (14-15 years), 2; number of certificates issued to children over 15 years of age, under factory inspection law, 4.

The boy whose name was presented for prosecution at your last meeting is now attending school regularly.

On November 2 a boy was arraigned for habitual truancy. He pleaded not guilty and the case was continued to November 12, for trial, when he was found guilty and was placed on probation.

On November 30 a boy who was on probation for truancy was surrendered for truancy and was sentenced to the Sockanisset School during his minority.

I recommend the prosecution of Alphonse Hallback of 25 Edgar court as an habitual school offender.

For the finance committee, Mr. Peckham gave a report of the financial standing of the department, showing a balance of \$11,187.24 for the remainder of the year.

The resignation of Miss Lillian L. Sizer as supervisor of music was received and accepted. On recommendation of the committee on teachers Mr. Henry B. Hendy was elected supervisor of music at \$750 per year, and Miss Marguerite L. Ferrin assistant at \$250 per year.

There was an informal talk about the new Mumford School and it was suggested that there be a public inspection of the new building. G. Ashley Hazard and Edward E. Taylor, Jr., were elected to take the school census in January. The salary of the trustee officer was fixed at \$1200, the same as last year, and Theophilus Topham was re-elected to that position. There was some talk about the cost to the Aquidneck Industries of the hall in the Coddington school, but no action was taken.

Chairman Barker read his annual report which was adopted as the committee report to be submitted to the representative council.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Redmond have closed their Newport residence and gone to New York for the winter.

Of Interest to Rhode Island.

Senator Aldrich has this week introduced a bill to increase to \$10 a month the pension of Mrs. Emily W. Tilley, widow of Rear Admiral Benjamin F. Tilley, United States Navy, formerly of Bristol, and to \$20 a month the pension of Joseph B. Holmes, late Second Lieutenant of Company E, 21st Regiment, United States Colored Volunteer Infantry, and George D. Blackington, late of Company F, 8th Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteer Infantry.

Mr. Aldrich has also introduced a bill to so amend the military record of Edgar B. Wood, deceased, as to show that he was honorably discharged from Troop D, 1st Rhode Island Cavalry, and to cause to be issued the proper certificate therefor.

Representative Sheffield has introduced a bill to reimburse the State of Rhode Island in the sum of \$28,837.50 for money paid for supplies, care and maintenance furnished Rhode Island and other troops mustered into the service of the United States during the war with Spain, and also for other necessary expenses paid by the State, in and about the prosecution of said war.

Captain Albert Gleaves, U. S. N., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Richard O. Derby at their home on Key street. Captain Gleaves has recently returned from a trip to sea, where he commanded the cruiser St. Louis, in the Pacific. He is now aide to assistant Secretary Beekman Winthrop. On Thursday he went to Boston to visit the navy yards and also paid visits to the Naval Training Station and Torpedo Station during his stay here.

Funeral services for Mrs. Thomas Keenan took place at St. Mary's Church Monday morning, Revs. Fathers Meenan, Reddy and Tierney officiating. The interment was in the family plot in the St. Mary's cemetery. The bearers were Messrs. Patrick S. Lyons, Dennis McDonald, Thomas H. Reegan, William McGowan, Michael Douvan and Dennis Nagle.

The Women's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. have been holding a two days' bazaar and sale at the new building on Mary street under the direction of a committee of which Mrs. William B. Franklin is the chairman. There has been a good attendance and the articles have sold well.

Judge Tanner of the Superior Court has appointed Fletcher S. Mason as one of the trustees under the will of the late Sophia Augusta Brown of this city, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George W. R. Maiteson.

Dr. Jacoby and Dr. DeBlasi have sailed for Europe. On arriving there they will go to Germany, to devote several months to study. They will return to this country in May.

Minneola Council, No. 3, D. of P., held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening, followed by whist, collation and dancing. A very enjoyable time was afforded all present.

Captain Joseph P. Colton delivered an interesting address before the Current Topics Club on Wednesday afternoon on "Recent Achievements in Engineering."

The summer residence of Mr. George Henry Warren, on Ocean avenue, is receiving extensive alterations and improvements, including a new ball room.

Mrs. George G. Keating has left for Dallas, Texas, to join her husband, who is stationed there for a while.

Mrs. Rose A. Grosvenor has closed her cottage on Beacon Hill and gone to Providence for the winter.

Mrs. Elsie Dyer will spend the winter in Washington.

Middletown.

"Women as Sovereigns" formed an instructive topic at the Friday afternoon meeting of the Oliphant Reading Club last week. The subject was presented by the hostess, Mrs. Celia T. H. Milton, at her winter home in Newport and included "Wilhelmina of Holland," the only reigning queen of the present day. Queens Alexandra of England, Margherita of Italy, Victoria of England, Marie of Belgium, the Chinese Dowager Empress, Queen Louise of Denmark, Lady Minto of Canada and Princess Louise of Sweden. The program was concluded with a number of very clever literary puzzles.

The birthday of John Greenleaf Whittier, which occurs on Friday of this week, is to be observed at the home of Mrs. Edward Almy, Union street, Portsmouth, who is chairman of this meeting. She will be assisted by Mrs. John Coggeshall and Mrs. Howard S. Bailey.

Aquidneck Grange was represented at the annual State Grange held at East Providence last week by its Master, Mr. N. Horace Peckham, and five members, including the Master of the Newport County Pomona Grange, Mr. Joseph A. Peckham and wife. The grangers reported the most enthusiastic meeting in years. The hall was uncomfortably crowded. Forty candidates received the 5th or Pomona degree and 70 received the 6th or State degree.

The Man From Brodney's

By GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON

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CHAPTER XXV.

THE TRIAL OF VON BLITZ.

THE next morning found the weather unsettled. There had been a heavy storm during the night, and a nasty mist was blowing up from the sea. Deppingham kept to his room, although his cold was dissipated.

Chase had been up nearly all of the night, fearful lest the islanders should seize the opportunity to scale the walls under cover of the tempest. All through the night he had been possessed of a spirit of wild bravado, a glorious exultation. He was keeping watch over her, standing between her and peril, guarding her while she slept. His thoughts, however, did not contemplate the princess fair in a state of wretched insomnia, with himself as the disturbing element.

He looked for her at breakfast time. They usually had their rolls and coffee together. When she did not appear he made more than one pretext to lengthen his own stay in the breakfast room. "She's trying to forget yesterday," he reflected.

Selma came to him in the midst of his reflections, bearing a thick, rain-soaked envelope.

"It was found, excellency, inside the southern gate, and it is meant for you," said Selma. Chase gingerly slashed open the envelope with his fruit knife. He laughed ruefully as he read the simple but laborious message from Jacob von Blitz:

"Where are your warships all this time? They are not coming to you ever. Goodbye. You got to die yet too. Your friend, Jacob von Blitz. And my wives too."

Chase stuffed the blurred, sticky letter into his pocket and arose to stretch himself.

"There's something coming to you, Jacob," he said, much to the wonder of Selma. "Selma, unless I miss my guess pretty badly, we'll be having a message, not from Garcia, but from Rasula before long. How are my cigarettes holding out?"

"They run low, sahli. Neenah has given all of her to me for you, excellency, and I have demanded those of the wives of Von Blitz."

"Selma, you must not forget that you are a gentleman. That was most ungallant. But I suppose you got them?"

"No, sahli. They refused to give them up. They are saving them for Mr. Britt," said Selma dejectedly.

"Ah, the fickety of women!" he sighed. "There's a new word for you, Selma-fickety."

It was far past midday when he heard from Rasula. He had seen the princess but once, and then she was walking briskly, wrapped in a rain coat, followed by her shivering dogs and her two Rapp-Thorberg soldiers. Somehow she failed to see Chase as he sauntered begrudgingly, almost impudently, across the upper terrace, in plain view. Perhaps, after all, it was not the weather.

Rasula's messenger came to the gates and announced that he had a letter for Mr. Chase. Rasula had this to say:

"We have reason to suspect that you were right in your suspicion. The gold-ore plate has been found this day in the cave below the chateau, just as you have said. This is one of what you have charged against Jacob von Blitz seems to be borne out by the evidence secured. Last night there was an attempt to rob the vaults in the temple's back. Again I followed your advice and laid a trap for the men engaged. They were slain in the struggle which followed. I have to inform you, sir, that your charge against Jacob von Blitz does not hold good in the case of the bank robbery. Therefore I am impelled to believe that you may have unjustly accused him of being implicated in the robbery of the treasure chests. He was not among the bank robbers. There were but three of them—the Rapp-Thorbergs. Jacob von Blitz came up himself and joined in the fight against the treasure. He was overpowered by his larger opponent. I have said that you will testify against him. Sir, I have taken it upon myself to place him under protection, notwithstanding the accusation against the Rapp-Thorbergs. He shall have a fair trial. It is my belief that he is guilty, he shall pay the penalty. We are just people."

"Sir, the people of Japan will take you at your word. We ask you to appear against the prisoner and give evidence in support of your charges. He shall be placed on trial tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock. On my honor as a man and a believer I assure you that while you are among us in that position, I shall see that you are at the gate and will conduct you back to them in safety. If you are a true man, you will not refuse the call."

"Well, it looks as though Von Blitz has signed your pass," said Deppingham. "The dog comes against his own fabricator and saves his own skin by killing them."

"In any event," said Browne, "you spoiled his little game. He loses the treasure, and he didn't get into the vaults. Rasula should take those points into consideration."

"He won't forget them, rest assured. That's why I'm sure that he'll take my word at the trial as against that of Von Blitz," said Chase.

"You—don't mean to say, Mr. Chase, that you are going into the town?" asked Lady Agnes, wide-eyed.

"Certainly, Lady Deppingham. They are expecting me."

"Don't be foolishly, Chase. They will kill you like a rat!" exclaimed Deppingham.

"Oh, no, they won't," said the other confidently. "They've given their own word."

He through again. Whatever else they may be, they hold a promise sacred. They know I'll come. If I don't they'll know that I am a coward. You wouldn't have them think I am a coward, would you, Lady Deppingham?"

The next morning he coolly set forth for the gates, scarcely thinking enough of the adventure to warrant the matter of fact goodbyes that he bestowed upon those who were congregated to see him off. His heart was sore as he strode rapidly down the drive. General had not come down to say farewell.

"My heaven," he muttered, strangely vexed with her, "I fancy she means it. She's bent on showing me my place. But she might have come down and wished me good luck. That was little enough for her to do. Ah, well!" he sighed, putting it away from him.

As he turned into the tree-lined avenue near the gate a slender young woman in a green and white gown arose from a seat in the shade and stepped a pace forward, opening her parasol quite leisurely as he quickened his steps. Her eyes gleamed brightly, and she was breathing as one who has run swiftly.

"You are determined to go down there among those men?" she demanded, the smile suddenly giving way to a look of disapproval. She ignored his hand.

"Certainly," he said after the moment of bewilderment. "Why not? I—I thought you had made up your mind to let me go without—a word for good luck." She found great difficulty in meeting the wistful look in his eyes. "You are good to come down here to say goodbye. We're almost strangers again."

"I did not come down to say goodbye," she said, her lips trembling ever so slightly.

"I don't understand," he said.

"I am going with you into the town—as a witness," she said, and her face went pale at the thought of it.

"General," he cried, "you—you would do that?"

"Why not, Mr. Chase?" She tried to speak calmly, but she was trembling. After all, she was a slender, helpless girl—not an amazon! "I saw and heard everything. They won't believe you unsupported. They won't harm me. If I swear to them that what you say is true they—"

Her hand was on his arm now, trembling, eager, yet charged with fear at the prospect ahead of her. He clasped the little hand in his and quickly lifted it to his lips.

"I'm happy again!" he cried. "It's all right with me now." She withdrew her hand on the instant.

"No, no! It isn't that," she said, her eyes narrowing. "Don't misinterpret my coming here to say that I will go. It isn't because—no, it isn't that!"

"I was unhappy because you had forsaken me," he said gently. "You are brave—you are wonderful! But I can't take you down there. I know what will happen if they find him guilty. Goodbye, dear one. I'll come back—surely I'll come back. Thank you for sending me away happy."

"Won't you let me go with you?" she asked after a long, penetrating look into his eyes.

"I would not take you among them for all the world. You forget. Neither of us would come back."

"Neither of us?" she said slowly.

"I wouldn't come back without you," he said quietly, earnestly. She understood. "Goodbye! Don't worry about me. I am in no danger."

"Goodbye," she said, the princess came more. "I shall pray for you with all my soul." She gave him her hand. It was cold and lifeless. He pressed it warmly and went quickly away, leaving her standing there in the still shade of the siltwoods, looking after him with eyes that grew wider and wider with the tears that welled up from behind.

Hours went by—slow, tortuous hours in which the souls of those who watched and waited for his return were tried to the utmost.

Once there came to the ears of the watchers on the mountain side the sound of distant shots, later the brief rattle of firearms. The blood of every one turned cold with apprehension. Every voice was stifled, every eye wide with dread. Neenah screamed as she fled across the terrace toward the drawbridge, where Selma stood as motionless as a statue.

Darkness time passed, and again, as if drawn by a magnet, the entire household made its way to the front of the chateau.

At last Selma uttered a shout of joy. He forgot the difference due his tatters and unconcernedly dashed off toward the gates, followed by Neenah, who seemed possessed of wings.

Chase was returning.

They saw him coming up the drive. His hat in his hand, his white coat, his trousers, his shoes—all were clean and his features were his own. They saw him fall upon his knees, and they felt the tears coming to their own eyes.

"Hurray!" shouted little Mr. Saunders in his excitement. Bowler and the three clerks joined him in the exultation. The princess was conscious of the fact that at least two or three of her eyes were watching her face.

She closed her lips and compelled her eyelids to obey the dictates of a resolute heart. She lowered them until they gave out the impression of indifference, even indifference. All the while her incomprehensible heart was thumping with a rapture that knew no allegiance to royal conventions.

A few minutes later he was among them, listening, with his cool, half-natural smile, to their protestations of joy and relief.

"Nonsense," he said in his most deprecating voice, looking a seat beside the princess on the railing and fanning himself busily with his hat, to the mortification of his body servant, who waved a huge palm leaf in vigorous adulation. "It was nothing. Just being a witness, that's all. You'll find how easy it is when you get back to London and have to testify in the Skaggs will contest. Tell the truth, that's all." The princess was now looking at his brown face with eyes over which she had lost control. "Oh, by the bye," he said, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it is my painful duty to announce to the Mesdames von Blitz that they are widows."

There was a dead silence. The three women stared at him, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes," he went on solemnly, "Jacob is no more. He was found guilty by his judges and executed with commendable haste and precision. He took his last breath with a smile."

The princess was now looking at his brown face with eyes over which she had lost control. "Oh, by the bye," he said, as if struck by a sudden thought, "it is my painful duty to announce to the Mesdames von Blitz that they are widows."

There was a dead silence. The three women stared at him, uncomprehendingly.

"Yes," he went on solemnly, "Jacob is no more. He was found guilty by his judges and executed with commendable haste and precision. He took his last breath with a smile."



The princess was followed by her two Rapp-Thorberg soldiers.

his medicine bravely—twelve leaden pills administered by as many skillful surgeons. But it is yet too early to congratulate yourselves on your freedom. Rasula has promised to kill all of us, whether we deserve it or not."

"They shot him?" demanded Deppingham when he had finished.

"Admirably. By Jove, those fellows can shoot! They accepted my word against his—which is most gratifying to my pride. One other man testified against him—a chap who saw him with the Boers not ten minutes before the attempt was made to rob the vaults. Rasula appeared as counsel for the defense. Alas! a matter of form. He knew that he was guilty. There was no talk of a new trial; no appeal to the supreme court, Britt; no expense to the community."

He was as unconcerned about it as if discussing the most trivial happening of the day. Von Blitz lived not ten minutes after sentence was passed.

"As to their intentions toward us," said Chase, "they are firm in their determination that no one shall leave the chateau alive. Rasula was quite frank with me. He is a cool devil. He calmly notified me that we will all be dead inside of two weeks. No ships will put in here so long as the plague exists. I asked him how we were to die, and he smiled as though he was holding something back as a surprise for us. He came as near to laughing as I've ever seen him when I asked him if he'd forgotten my warships. 'Why don't you have them here?' he asked. 'We're not ready,' said I. The six months are not up for nine days yet. I also made the interesting discovery that suits have already been brought in England to break the will on the grounds of insanity."

"But what good will that do us if we are to die here?" exclaimed Bobby Browne.

"None whatsoever," said Chase calmly. "You must admit, however, that you exhibited signs of hereditary insanity by coming here in the first place. I'm beginning to believe that there's a streak of it in my family too."

"And you—you saw him killed?" asked the princess in an awed voice, low and full of horror.

"Yes, I could not avoid it."

"They killed him on your—on your?" She could not complete the sentence, but she uttered expressively.

"Yes. He deserved death, princess. I am more or less like the Moslem in one respect. I might excuse a thief as a murderer, but I have no pity for a traitor."

"You saw him killed?" she said in the same awed voice, involuntarily drawing away from him.

"Yes," he said, "and you would have seen him killed, too, if you had gone down with me to appear against him."

She looked up quickly and then looked him almost in a whisper.

"You saw him killed?" she said in the same awed voice, involuntarily drawing away from him.

"Yes," he said, "and you would have seen him killed, too, if you had gone down with me to appear against him."

She looked up quickly and then looked him almost in a whisper.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CENTURIES TO FORGET.

"M"Y lord," said Saunders the next day, appearing before his lordship after an agitated hour of preparation. "It's come to a point where something's got to be done." He got that far and then turned pale. His color seemed to be draining him. "If what Mr. Chase says is true we've got a pre-

vious short time to live. Well, we've—we've concluded to get all we can out of the time that's left, my lord. So I've come to ask if it will be all right with you and her ladyship, sir. We don't want to do anything that would seem forward and out of place, sir."

"It's very considerate of you, Saunders, but what the devil are you talking about?"

"Miss—Miss Pelham and I have decided to get—get married before it is too late."

Deppingham stared hard for a moment and then grinned broadly.

"You mean before you die?"

"That's it exactly, my lord. I have, I would be a bit late, wouldn't it, if we waited till afterward. I have, I have! Splendid! So I have come to ask if you think it will interfere with your arrangements if—if we should be married tonight?"

"I'm sure, Saunders, that it won't discommode me in the least," said his lordship gravely. "By all means, Saunders, let it be tonight, for tomorrow we may die."

"Will you kindly speak to her ladyship, sir?"

"Gladly. And I'll take it as an honor if you will permit me to give away the bride."

"Thank you, my lord," cried Saunders, his face beaming. His lordship shook hands with him, whereupon his cup of happiness overflowed, notwithstanding the fact that his honeymoon was likely to be of scarcely any duration whatsoever.

The wedding took place that night in the little chapel. Chase deliberately took possession of the princess after the hollow wedding supper had come to an end. Her mood had changed. Now she was quite at ease with him. The tantalizing gleam in her eyes pre-anged all moment for his peace of mind.

"I'm inspired," he said to her. "A wedding always inspires me."

"It's very strange that you've never married," she retorted. She was striding freely by his side, confident in her power to resist sentiment with mockery.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked abruptly. She caught her breath before laughing tolerantly and then looked into his eyes with a tantalizing ingenueness.

"By no means," she responded. "I am not impressed by the same views that actuated Miss Pelham. You see, Mr. Chase, I am quite confident that we are not to die in two weeks."

"I could almost wish that we could die in that time," he said.

"How very diabolical!"

"It may seem odd to you, but I'd rather see you dead than married to Prince Karl." She was silent. He went on. "Would you consent to be my wife if you felt in your heart that we should never leave this island?"

"I think I shall go in, Mr. Chase," she said, with a winking shake of her head.

"Don't, please! I'm not asking you to marry me if we should leave the island. You must give me credit for that," he argued whimsically.

"Ah, I see," she said, apparently very much relieved. "You want me only with the understanding that death should be quite close at hand to relieve you. And if I were to become your wife, here and now, and we should be taken from this dreadful place—what then?"

"You probably would have to go through a long and miserable career as plain Goodwife Chase," he explained.

"If it will make you any happier," she said, with a smile in which there lurked a touch of mischievous triumph, "I can say that I might consent to marry you if I were not so positive that I will leave the island soon. You seem to forget that my uncle's yacht is to call here, even though your cruises will not."

"I'll risk even that," he maintained stoutly.

She stopped suddenly, her hand upon his arm.

"Do you really love me?" she demanded earnestly.

"With all my soul, I swear to you," he replied, staggered by the abrupt change in her manner.

"Then don't make it any harder for me," she said. "You know that I could not do what you ask. Please, please be fair with me. I—I can't even just about it. It is too much to ask of me."

She went on, with a strange firmness in her voice. "It would require centuries to make me forget that I am a princess, just as centuries were taken up in creating me what I am. I am no better than you, dear, but—but—you understand?" She said it so pleadingly, so hopelessly, that he understood what it was that she could not say to him. "We seldom, if ever, marry the men whom God has made for us to love."

He lifted her hands to his breast and held them there. "If you will just go on loving me I'll some day make you forget you're a princess." She smiled and shook her head. Her hair gleamed red and bronze in the kindly light; a soft perfume came up to his nostrils.

The next day three of the native servants became violently ill, seized by the most appalling convulsions. At first, a thrill of horror ran through the chateau. The plague—the plague in reality!

But these fears were quickly dissipated. The sufferers soon began to mend. By daylight they were fairly well recovered. The mysterious seizure, however, was unexplained. Chase alone divined the cause. Poison! He was sure of it! But who the poisoner?

All previous perils and all that the future seemed to promise were forgotten in the startling discovery that came with the fall of night.

Lady Deppingham and Robert Browne were missing. They had disappeared as if swallowed by the earth itself. Neenah, the wife of Selma, was the last of those in the chateau to see the heirs. They crossed the swift torrent by the narrow bridge at the base of the cliff and stopped below the mouth of the cavern, which blew its hot breath out upon the hanging garden. Later on she saw them climb the stony ladder and stand in the black void, apparently enjoying the view.

My wind that came from the damp bowels of the mountain. Her attention was called elsewhere, and that was the last glimpse she had of the two people about whom centered the struggle for untold riches.

"Chase, they are lost in there!" pronounced Deppingham, numb with apprehension. He was trembling like a leaf.

"There's just one thing to do," said Chase. "We've got to explore that cavern to the end. They may have lost their bearings and strayed off into one of the lateral passages."

"I—I can't bear the thought of her wandering about in that horrible place," Deppingham cried as he started resolutely toward the ladder.

"She'll come out of it all right," said Chase, a sudden compassion in his eyes.

Drusilla Browne was standing near by, cold and silent with dread, a set expression in her eyes. Her lips moved slowly, and Deppingham heard the latter words: "You will find them, Lord Deppingham. You will find them!"

He stopped and passed his hand over his eyes. Then, without a word, he snatched a rifle from the hands of one of the patrol and led the way up the ladder. Chase turned to the white-faced princess and said between his teeth:

"If Skaggs and Wyckholme had been in the employ of the devil himself they could not have foreseen the result of their infernal plotting. I am afraid—mortally afraid!"

"Take care of him, Hollingsworth," the whisperer shuddered.

"Goodly, Geneva, my princess," said Chase softly, and then was off with Britt and Selma. As he passed Drusilla he seized her hand and panned, long enough to say:

"It's all right, little woman, take my word for it. If I were you, I'd cry. You'll see things differently through your tears."

The four men, with their lights, vanished from sight a few moments later. Chase grasped Deppingham's arm and held him back, gravely suggesting that Selma should lead the way.

"They were to learn the truth almost before they had fairly begun their investigations."

The heirs already were in the hands of their enemies, the islanders! The eager searchers, slinking as they went, had come to what was known as the "cathedral." This was a wide, lofty chamber, hung with tattered tapestries, far below the level at which they began the descent. The floor was almost as flat and even as that of a modern dwelling. Here the cavern branched off in three or four directions, like the tentacles of a monster devilfish; the narrow passages leading no one knew whither in that tomblike mountain.

Selma uttered the first shout of surprise and consternation. An instant later they were standing at the edge of a vast hole in the floor—newly made and pregnant with disaster.

A current of air swept up into their faces. The soft, loose earth about the rent in the floor was covered with the prints of naked feet; the bottom of the hole was packed down in places by a multitude of tricks. Chase's bewildered eyes were the first to discover the presence of loose, scattered masonry in the pile below, and the truth dawned upon him sharply. He gave a loud exclamation and then dropped lightly into the shallow hole.

"I've got it!" he shouted, stooping to peer intently ahead. "Von Blitz's powder kegs did all this."

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"I've got it!" he shouted, stooping to peer intently ahead. "Von Blitz's powder kegs did all this."

The secret passage runs along here. One of the discharges blew this hole through the roof of the passage. Here are the walls of the passage. By heaven, the way is open to the sea!"

"My God, Chase!" cried Deppingham, staggering toward the opening. "These footprints are—They're murdered here! They've come in here and surprised!"

"Go easy, old man. We need to be cool now. It's all as plain as day to me. Rasula and his men were exploring the passage after the discovery of the treasure chests. They came upon this new made hole and then crawled into the cavern. They surprised Browne and—Yes, here are the prints of a woman's shoe—and a man's too. They are gone. God help 'em!"

Signs of a fierce struggle were found near the entrance to the cathedral. Bobby Browne had made a gallant fight. Blood stains marked the smooth floor and walls, and there was evidence that a body had been dragged across the chamber.

Britt put his hand over his eyes and shuddered. "They've settled this contest, Chase, forever!" he groaned.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Error of the Types. The editor wrote that the speaker's address was "notable," but the printer spaced it wrong and it read "not able."

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Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middleboro, 6:10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10:20 p. m., then 11:15 p. m. Sundays 8:50 a. m., then same as week days. Leave City Hall, Fall River, for Stone Bridge only 4:50 p. m. and 6:10 p. m. Return leave Stone Bridge for Fall River 6:25 p. m. and 6:45 p. m. Do not run Sundays.

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Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6:20 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:20 p. m. Sundays 6:50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6:45 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 6:00 p. m. Sundays 7:20 a. m., then the same as week days.

Return, leave Beach 7:00 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:00 p. m. Sundays 7:35 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street, Walking Room for Beach 6:45 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 10:45 p. m. Sundays 7:15 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6:50 a. m., then every fifteen minutes until 11:20 p. m. Sundays 7:00 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6:15 a. m., and every fifteen minutes until 11:15 p. m. Sundays 6:45 a. m., then same as week days.

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Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6:25, 8:30, 9:02, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 3:02, 5:15, 8:15 p. m. Sundays, 6:45, 8:45, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:15, 8:15 p. m.

Middleboro and Portsmouth—6:45, 9:02, 11:20 a. m., 1:02, 3:02, 5:15, 8:15 p. m. Tiverton—6:47, 8:50, 9:02, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 3:02, 5:15, 8:15 p. m.

Providence—6:47, 8:50, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 3:02, 5:15, 8:15 p. m. Plymouth—11:02 a. m., 3:02 p. m. Fall River—6:47, 8:50, 11:02 a. m., 1:02, 3:02, 5:15, 8:15 p. m.

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LANDES SHEPHERDS.

French Peasants Who Are Experts in Walking on Stilts.

There is a vast district in France where the entire community goes about and transacts its business on stilts. This district is called "Les Landes."

The inhabitants, who are among the poorest peasants in France, gain their subsistence by fishing, by such little agriculture as is possible and by keeping cows and sheep. The shepherd's junkie use of their stilts for two purposes—first, because walking is quite impossible on account of the mags and undergrowth of brush, and, second, because the height of their stilts gives them a greater range of vision.

The stilts generally are about six or seven feet high. Near the top there is a support for the foot, which has a strong stirrup and strap, and still nearer the top a band of leather fastens the stilt firmly to the leg just below the knee. Some stilts, especially those made for fancy walking and for tricks, are even higher than seven feet, and the man who uses them—and he must be an expert—can travel as fast as ten miles an hour. The lower end of this kind of stilt is capped with a sheep bone to prevent its splitting.

Some of these Landes shepherds are wonderfully clever in the management of their stilts. They can race, step or jump over brooks, clear fences and walls and are able to keep their balance and equilibrium while stooping to the ground to pick up pebbles or to gather wild flowers. They fall prone upon their faces and assume their perpendicular without an effort and in a single moment after they have thus prostrated themselves.—Technical World Magazine.

A VICTIM OF WORRY.

The Man Who is Always Expecting Some Kind of Trouble.

There is always a cloud on his face because he is constantly expecting that something unfavorable is going to happen. There is going to be a slump in business, or he is going to have a loss, or somebody is trying to undermine him, or he is worried about his health, or fears his children will be sick or go wrong or be killed.

In other words, although he has achieved quite a remarkable success, yet he has never really and a happy day in his life. All his life this man has been chasing rainbows, thinking if he could only get a little further on, a little higher up, he would be happy, but he is just as far from it as when a boy.

I believe this condition has all come from the habit of unhappiness which he formed during his hard boyhood and which he has never been able to overcome. He has learned to look for trouble, to expect it, and he gets it.

I have been his guest many a time. He has a beautiful home, a very charming wife, a most delightful family, but there is always the same cloud on his face, the same expression of anxiety, of unhappiness, of foreboding.

A little properly directed training in his boyhood would have changed his whole career, and he would have been a happy, joyous, harmonious man instead of being discordant and unhappy. There is everything in starting right. What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life.—Success Magazine.

Self Control.
The self control of the Japanese, even in times of the utmost stress, and their courtesy, which begets quietness and discretion, are both brought out by a writer in St. Paul's Magazine.

"Cry. It will do you good." I said once to a poor Japanese woman who, crouching beside her dying husband, was controlling herself with an effort that would, I feared, make her ill. She laid her little slim brown finger upon her trembling red lip and shook her head, then whispered, "It might disturb him."

"Cry. It will do you good." I said the next day when the man was dead and she seemed almost prostrate with grief and overworn self control.

"It would be most rude to make a hideous noise before the sacred dead," came the soft reply.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

The Discovery Made by a Poor French Peasant Boy.

A shepherd boy with a poor appetite discovered the secret of making Roquefort cheese. True as gospel! They swear by that story today in Roquefort, France, and if they only knew the lad's name they'd raise a monument to him. He was out tending sheep, and the sun smiting down hard, he went into a cavern to eat his cheese and rye bread. He failed to get away with all of it and threw a bunk of the cheese off to one side. It happened to drop on a natural shelf, and a few months later the boy found the cheese still there. He saw that it had undergone a constitutional change, for instead of being dry and hard it was moist and creamy. Besides, there were veins of greenish mold running through it. The boy took a nip, and the taste was so pleasing he carried a crumb home to his mother. She must have been a woman of intelligence, for so soon as she tasted that she took one of the largest rolls of cheese from her dairy, had her son guide her to the cavern and placed it on the shelf. In due time the same change was wrought, and Roquefort cheese had arrived as an article of commerce. All the natural caverns around the quaint old town now are used for ripening cheese, and the women work in them with small oil lamps strapped around their chests.—New York Press.

The Yard.

Myer—Try one of these long cigars. They measure four to the yard. Grier—What yard—the graveyard?—Chicago News.

THE KING'S ORDER.

It Was Obeyed, and Yet the Monarch Was Not Happy.

When King Gustavus III. of Sweden was in Paris he was visited by a deputation of the Sorbonne. That learned body congratulated the king on the happy fortune which had given him so great a man as Scheele, the discoverer of magnesium, as his subject and fellow countryman.

The king, who took small interest in the progress of science, felt somewhat ashamed that he should be so ignorant as never even to have heard of the renowned chemist. He dispatched a courier at once to Sweden with the laconic order, "Scheele is to be immediately raised to the dignity and title of a count."

"His majesty must be obeyed," said the prime minister as he read the order. "But who in the world is Scheele?" A secretary was told to make inquiries. He came back to the premier with very full information. "Scheele is a good sort of fellow," said he, "a lieutenant in the artillery, a capital shot and a first rate hand at billiards." The next day the lieutenant became a count, and the illustrious scholar and scientist remained a simple burgher.

The error was not discovered until the king returned home. His majesty was indignant. "You must all be fools," he exclaimed, "not to know who Scheele is!"—Argonaut.

THE CRISIS.

A Loving Mother Guides Her Girl at the Fateful Moment.

"Your whole future life depends upon it." The mother, her face tinged with sympathy which we must ever feel in the presence of an immaturity that is hesitating between right and wrong, laid her hand over that of her beautiful daughter.

"Yes, dear," she continued, "into every life there comes at one time or another a supreme temptation. If the crisis is passed all is safe, but if you yield at the fatal moment you cannot retrace your steps. You are then committed to a fatal policy."

"But, mother, father says he cannot afford it."

"Exactly. Fathers, from time immemorial have always said that. It is their way of imposing on youth and innocence. Go forth at once and buy the gown. Do not forget that I am with you, that I will stand back of you with all the feeble strength I can command."

So saying, the proud woman folded into her arms the weak creature, who even then, if it had not been for her timely rescue, would have been betrayed into a humiliating and shameful surrender.—Success Magazine.

A Stage Manager's Ruse.

The house bill of the Imperial theater of La Roche-sur-Yon announced for the evening performance "La Tour de Nesle," a five act melodrama, and "La Soeur de Jocrisse," a one act farce. The drama had been disposed of, but the low comedian was missing and could not be found. What was to be done? A luminous idea finally entered the manager's mind. The orchestra played an overture, then another, then a third, then a polka and finally a quadrille. At last, when the audience had grown quite obstreperous, the stage manager appeared. He addressed the three conventional bows to the spectators and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, you are anxious. I know, to listen to 'La Soeur de Jocrisse.' The piece has just been acted, but through an unaccountable oversight on the part of the stage hands they forgot to raise the curtain."

Saw It in a Dream.

For many years ivory manufacturers were trying to devise a machine for turning out a billiard ball as nearly perfect as possible and at the same time avoiding waste. Among those who strove to perfect such a machine was Mr. John Carter of the firm of John Carter & Son, well known ivory manufacturers. One night, after Mr. Carter had been striving to solve the problem for some time, he suddenly awoke his wife by shouting out, "I have got it," and rushed downstairs into his study, where he made a drawing of the last knife for the want of which he had been so long waiting in order to complete his machine. It appears that he had fallen asleep and dreamed about the machine, and in the dream the solution of the difficulty was revealed to him.—London Answers.

Still There.

Peckham (meeting an old friend)—Why, Dingley, is this you? I haven't seen you for ten years. How are you anyhow? Dingley—Oh, I'm just like I used to be. By the way, Peckham, how's your wife? You used to say you had the boss girl when you were single. Peckham (sadly)—She's still boss.—Life.

A Bunch of Kicks.

"The world wipes its feet on me," said the doorman. "And every hand is against me," said the push button.—Kansas City Star. "I am continually being sat on," complained the soft cushion.

A Gastronomic Feat.

"Ah, I've seen some rough times, sir," said an old salt. "Once we were wrecked and we'd eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the ship turned turtle, and we ate her too!"

There can be no profit if the outlay exceeds it.—Plautus.

Degrees of Hunger.

"I'm simply starving!" cried the short story writer at the Hungry club. "I wish they'd begin dinner." "I never saw you when you weren't starving," said the poet.

"I'm never as hungry as you are, though," the short story writer declared, "because I write prose."—New York Press.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

Her Position Here and Its Influence in the Old World.

There is no doubt that the most interesting thing to the European who lands on the northern shores of the new world is the American woman—that happy, victorious heroine of modern feminism who has discovered how to extract from the new condition of woman all the advantages with almost none of the inconveniences; that being who has known how to assume the masculinity in all that regards independence and liberty of action and remain feminine in grace, charm and altruism; that American beauty, that American genius, whose wonders are seen and felt in all the American and European reviews, whose writers declare her to be engaged almost entirely in severe study, in masculine work, sport and similar occupations.

Europe, moreover, is right. The American woman is not only one of the most interesting phenomena of North America, but is also the phenomenon of the new world that might have the greatest and gravest effect on the old, shaking on their foundations the essential principles of our female instruction and training, overthrowing the society of the old continent or continents, which rest to a greater extent than is realized on the antique functions of woman in the family and in society.—Gina Lombroso Ferrero in Putnam's Magazine.

THE RACE FOR RICHES.

Is Wealth That Cannot Be Enjoyed Worth the Price?

The writer once inquired of a very successful man: "When do you ever get a moment's time for your own self—to be yourself and to think your own thoughts? Do you ever get a true life that?"

The very successful man hesitated for a moment and then replied: "Why, yes, I get such a time while I am being shaved in the morning."

Is success really worth the price when it must be paid for at such a rate? Of what use are mansions and country houses and great estates if one has no time to visit them and enjoy their beauty? Why should one collect through agents the most exquisite works of art if he cannot find more than a casual half hour in which to view them? What are wife and children if you are always hastening about the world, far too preoccupied to give them any serious thought or to receive the pleasure which their company could afford you?

And yet there is one sole satisfaction—if it be a satisfaction. Millions of your fellow countrymen and countrywomen will believe beyond all doubt that you are really happy and will envy you.—Munsey's Magazine.

Icebergs.

Apparently ice is ice, of course; but, strangely enough, there is a marked difference in it. Sea water and salt water in general freezes at a lower temperature than pure water. In doing which a part of the salt separates and the ice which melted gives water that is fresher than the original, and along this same line there exists a marked difference in form between the icebergs of the two hemispheres. Arctic icebergs are of irregular shape, with lofty pinnacles, cloud capped towers and glittering domes, whereas those of the southern waters are flat topped and solid looking. The former reach the sea by narrow fjords, while the latter are more regular in formation, reaching the open sea by the way of wide passageways and not subject to the grinding and breaking efforts of their northern relatives.—Pittsburg Press.

A Real Cute Dog.

A good dog story is attributed to a visitor to an English country inn on market day. "Now," he said, "I've got a dog here I wouldn't take £20 for. You can believe me or not, but what I am going to tell you is perfectly true. In the early part of last spring I lost six ewes and could find them nowhere. One day about three weeks later as I was looking across from my house to the edge of the moor about two miles away I noticed some sheep. I got my telescope and assured myself that they were mine. I placed the telescope in a suitable position and made Bob look through it. After about a minute the dog wagged his tail and looked at me as if he understood what I wanted and was off like a shot. In less than two hours he brought the sheep home safe and sound."

No Misunderstanding.

"I hear you have had a misunderstanding with your old political friends." "No," said Senator Sorghum; "the worst of it is the impossibility of misunderstanding. We have expressed our opinions of each other in terms so explicit as to be unmistakable."—Washington Star.

Papa's Plan Prevents Proposal.

He (impeccuously)—But you say yourself that your father is anxious to get you off his hands. She—Yes; that's why I don't think he'll listen to you.—Exchange.

Ancient Eyeglasses.

"Indeed, the ancients did have eyeglasses," said the schoolgirl. "My history says, 'The Romans were extremely fond of spectacles.'"—New York Post.

Bread and Pipe Baker.

The lecturer at the cooking school sometimes enlivened her remarks with an anecdote.

"The eighteenth century baker," she said, "was a pipe cleaner as well, just as the barber a little earlier was a surgeon. Everybody in those days smoked clay pipes, provided the same as cups or spoons by the coffee houses. Well, each morning a waiter carried his master's stock of pipes, some hundred perhaps, to the nearest bakery. The baker would boil them, then dip them in liquid lime, then bake them dry. They came out of the oven as sweet and white as new."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

GIFT FOR HOUSEWIFE.

A Substantial Slide Pocket in Which to Carry Keys.

Housekeepers will appreciate a gift of a slide pocket to be worn about the morning tasks. So equipped, a demand for purse or key does not mean a trip upstairs or a wild search.

While leather pockets can be bought for such uses, they do not quite fill the need for house wear, as they flap around and rub the skirt.

A pocket such as tailors wear, but more artistic, will prove convenient. This is made of heavy, smooth cloth in envelope shape and stitched on the machine. Cut a strip of cloth twelve inches long and five inches wide. Fold up the end to the depth of two and one-eighth inches from top to make the pocket. Slope the edge beyond the pocket into a point, like the flap of an envelope. This point is provided with a buttonhole to fasten to the belt.

The pocket part should have buttons and buttonholes or patent clasps along the upper edge. Though deep enough not to drop the contents, it is often convenient to close the top when working actively.

The edges of the bag may be finished in several ways. When making it for one's own use the edges may be plucked and the turned up parts attached on the machine. When intended as a gift, elaboration is preferred. If plucking is liked a line of brier stitching can be run around the bag within the line of plucking. This can be worked in a contrasting color, and a monogram in the same color can be embroidered in the center.

Again, the edges can be neatly bound with heavy satin ribbon or a fine silk braid. This usually looks better in soft tones, the monogram being the one touch of color.

A HANDY KITCHEN.

Small, but Convenient in Every Particular.

"The handiest kitchen I ever worked in," said a housewife recently, "was originally a rather roomy pantry, yet so carefully was everything arranged that there was no crowding and never an unnecessary step, as in a large room. The two doors opening into dining room and storeroom opened out of the room. Being small, it received sufficient heat from the dining room stove, so contained only a gasoline stove and a good sized dressmaker. Along one side was a big cupboard for the usual kitchen utensils. A small shelf of convenient height held the food chopper, always ready for use, while a flour bin with two compartments and sifters underneath was fastened to the wall. One folding chair stood at the end of the cupboard when not in use. On the opposite side was a large work table that let down against the wall, and above it was a cupboard for baking necessities. A hinged seat on the wall at the end of the table made a convenient place to sit while wiping dishes or preparing vegetables. A small iron sink contained the faucets and provided an adding place underneath for the high stool with which every kitchen should be supplied.

The work for a family of three was done in this room with perfect ease, and even on washing day, when the machine and tub must be brought in, a little forethought prevented all crowding. In a small kitchen a moderate sized family can be cared for at a minimum expenditure of steps and cleaning.

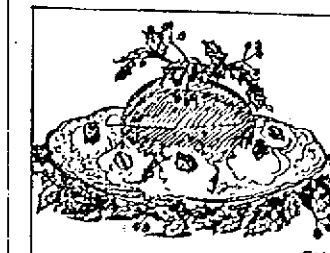
New Table Silver.

All of the latest knives and forks have handles of silver which have entirely superseded the white handles of ivory and mother of pearl. The silver is found to be more substantial and is less likely to be spoiled or broken by constant use. Silver platters also take precedence over the ones of china for the serving of all meats, poultry and fish, as they hold the heat better and insure the serving of these courses piping hot, a thing not possible with china.

It is not customary abroad to place half a dozen knives and forks of various designs, some for fish and some for fowl and some for no one knows what, alongside the plates before a dinner is begun. But for each course as it is removed the water brings the "tool" for the next. Not only is this bit of show done away with, but it is considered in bad taste to spread out an array of silverware before your guests, an act which appears rather parvenu, as though the object of a feast were to make an exhibition of wealth. It is taken for granted, by one's guests that there is plenty of silver to go round.

A Christmas Plum Pudding.

This plum pudding is steamed in a melon mold and garnished with a



READY FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

sprig of holly and rings of hard sauce, with cubes of wine jelly in the center of each.

For Those Who Wear Glasses.

To prevent steam from settling on your eyeglasses when out of doors in cold weather rub both sides of the lenses with soap, rub off with a soft cloth and polish with tissue paper.—Woman's Home Companion.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Sons

JAMES P. TAYLOR,

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Thames Street,

DEALER IN

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—AND—

GENTLEMEN'S

Furnishing Goods.

AGENT FOR

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CLOTHING.

Seaboard Air Line Ry

SHORTEST LINE TO

FLORIDA AND

SOUTHWEST

DIRECT ROUTE TO

SHORT SPILL OF WEAKNESS

Quickly Followed by Death of
Leopold, King of Belgium

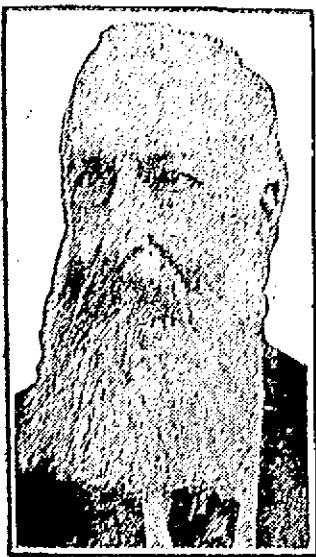
COLLAPSE WAS UNEXPECTED

Much of the World Was Against
Monarch For His Attitude Toward
Congo Independent State—Amassed
Fabulous Fortune as Result of Ability
and Shrewdness—Nature of His
Private Life Open to Criticism—Son
of His Brother Succeeded to Throne

Brussels, Dec. 17.—King Leopold died at 2:35 this morning, his aged and wasted body being unable to stand the strain put upon it.

The collapse occurred suddenly and at a moment when the doctors seemingly had had the greatest hopes for his recovery.

The public at large was satisfied that the king was on the road to recovery, but within the pavilion, where the king lay, there was a feeling of anxiety, chiefly because of Leopold's great age. After a restless day, the patient was able to sleep for a brief time early in the evening, and the night passed quietly. But towards 2 o'clock alarming symptoms appeared.



KING LEOPOLD.

Suddenly the king turned and called to Dr. Thirlar and cried that he was suffocating. Dr. Depage was summoned, and the two physicians did everything possible to prolong life, but without avail. The end came quickly, and after a spell of weakness, peacefully. Prince Albert arrived at the deathbed about twenty-five minutes later.

He was accompanied by Princess Clementine. Albert kissed the dead king and left the chamber weeping.

Many Years on Throne

Leopold II, King of the Belgians, son of the late King Leopold I, upon whose death, which occurred Dec. 10, 1865, he succeeded to the throne, was born at Brussels April 9, 1835. His father was the former prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and his mother Princess Louise, daughter of King Louis Philippe of France. On Aug. 12, 1853, he married Archduchess Marie Henriette, daughter of Archduke Joseph of Austria. She died Sept. 19, 1902. Three daughters were born of this union, Louise, Stephanie and Clementine. The two elder princesses have been estranged from their father, but Clementine remained in his affections.



PRINCE ALBERT OF FLANDERS.

While always conspicuous before the public on account of the nature of his private life, particularly in recent years, King Leopold latterly had much of the world against him on account of his attitude toward the Congo Independent state. His greatest interest lay in the development of that country, for he was practically the founder of it and was its ruling sovereign. On Nov. 15, 1908, Belgium formally assumed control of the state, and since then efforts at reform have been inaugurated, but not carried on in an entirely satisfactory manner.

Criticisms against King Leopold in this matter are said to have shattered the buoyant spirits of the sovereign, although it was only in private that he gave expression to these feelings.

King Leopold was regarded as one of the shrewdest and ablest men of the times. He was essentially a man of business, cold, reticent and calculating. He was of particularly independent spirit, and more than once is said to have told other sovereigns who attempted to advise him in connection with his private affairs to mind their own business. For this reason he became estranged from

many of the kings of Europe.

Honored Vanhulst, who is 113, occupies a chateau close to the pavilion where Leopold died. He is the daughter of parents of the house of Belgium, who were formerly part of the and after a long stay in Paris. Her mother is dead and her father is an inmate of an asylum for the insane. She is the mother of two children.



PRINCESS ALBERT.

King Leopold spent a great deal of his time with the business and gave his ministers much concern on this account. At one time there was talk of abdication, but as months went by his subjects apparently became accustomed to his ways and abdication became a thing of the past. The king leaves a fabulous fortune.

King Leopold's recent illness dated from about two weeks ago, when he was compelled to take to his bed, suffering from rheumatism. His confinement brought about intestinal obstruction, for which an operation was performed on Tuesday, and it was feared then that his age would prevent ultimate recovery.

How King Is Popular

There being no direct hereditary heir the crown of Belgium passes to Prince Albert, the only son of Leopold's brother, the late Philippe, Count of Flanders. The new monarch was born April 8, 1876, and on Oct. 2, 1900, married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria. They have three children, Prince Leopold, 8 years of age, Prince Charles, 6 years old, and Princess Marie-Jose, 2 years old.

Prince Albert is one of the most popular members of the reigning house of Belgium. His wife is equally popular, their home life being such as to attract the admiration and love of the people. Prince Albert has traveled extensively, and is a man of affairs. He has been a great student of politics and economics, and has frequently lectured on these subjects in public. To broaden his grasp on the affairs of the world he visited the United States and other countries, always studying, and always adding to his store of knowledge and philosophy.

There is another side to the new king which appeals to the popular fancy. He dearly loves clean and healthy sport. He is an accomplished horseman, enjoys motoring and has taken a flight or two in a dirigible balloon.

In his intercourse with others he is most gracious. His frank, good-natured face bespeaks intelligence and invites confidence. Democratic in his tastes and manners, he is, nevertheless, a man of firm decision and kingly dignity.

CREATE DRUG HABIT

Dr. Wiley Sees Menace to Children
In Some Soda Concoctions

Washington, Dec. 17.—Delegates to the Reformers' conference were taken sharply to task for their methods of accomplishing results by Dr. Wiley, chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture, who attacked the sale of drugs, especially cocaine, which, he said, was becoming such a menace to the general health that unless its use was better regulated he would advocate that its sale be prohibited entirely, even in medicines.

Caffeine, Wiley continued, was another drug that offered a serious menace to health, especially the health of children, to whom it was served in numerous so-called "harmless" soda fountain drinks. This substance, he declared, did more to create the drug habit in the young than any other.

Maine Congressman Left \$750,000
Dedham, Mass., Dec. 16.—The will of former Congressman Llewellyn Powers of Houlton, Me., was allowed by Judge Flint in the Norfolk probate court here. It had previously been probated in Aroostook county, Me. It disposed of an estate valued at \$750,000.

Robbers Clean Out Cigar Store
Providence, Dec. 15.—Twenty-one thousand cigars, 1400 pounds of cigar filler, 35 packages of cut pipe, 125 boxes of cigars and 23 boxes of snuff were stolen from an Italian cigar store on Atwell's avenue.

JUDGE LURTON'S AGE

Judiciary Committee's Only Criticism
of Supreme Bench Appointee

Washington, Dec. 15.—The senate committee on judiciary voted unanimously to report favorably the nomination of Judge Homer H. Lurton to be an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States.

Some members of the committee expressed the opinion that it would have been better to name a younger man. Judge Lurton being in his 66th year, but there was no general opposition to him, or any criticism except as to his age.

WRECK OF THE GOVERNOR AMES

Famous Five-Masted Schooner
Goes to Pieces in Gale
FOURTEEN LIVES ARE LOST

Sole Survivor, Picked Up Day After
Disaster, Tells of Desperate Fight
For Life—Life Preservers Too Not
to Float—Captain's Wife Was
Crushed to Death by a Falling Spar
as Schooner Breaks Up

Charleston, Dec. 17.—Telling a thrilling story of the wreck of the five-masted schooner Governor Ames, in which the captain, A. M. King of Everett, Mass., his wife and twelve men were drowned, Josiah Spearling, the sole survivor, was brought here on the steamer Shawmut.

The Governor Ames, bound from Brunswick, Ga., to New York, with a large cargo of railroad ties, grounded and went to pieces off White Shoals, twenty-five miles north of Cape Hatteras, Monday.

Spearling was picked up Tuesday by Captain Swartz of the steamer Shawmut, from the wreck where he lay. He was badly injured and is still unable to walk.

Spearling says that in the forenoon of last Monday, by a high wind and heavy fog sea, the Governor Ames struck rock and broke up. The sea came in on the quarter deck and the sailors landed the captain's wife to the spunkier life. The men then got the life preservers, but when they tried to use these they fell to pieces.

The captain's wife was almost frozen and blankets were brought for her. The men who went for them had hardly gotten on deck before the stern broke in two and the cabin filled with water. About 2 o'clock the boat went to pieces completely.

The woman had been changed from place to place, but at length a falling mast crushed her to death, killing one of the men at the same time.

Spearling climbed up on a mast and found there another seaman with his fingers cut off. "Hold me!" cried the latter, and Spearling attempted to do so, when a heavy sea dashed them both into the water. Spearling grabbed some floating ties and hung on all night until picked up by the Shawmut the next morning.

The catastrophe occurred about five miles from shore, but the water was too rough to make rafts available, all efforts to launch them failing.

The Governor Ames was the first and for a long time the only vessel of her type on the coast. She was built at Waldoboro, Me., in 1888 and cost \$75,000.

LABOR'S BATTLE DECREE

Fight Against Steel Corporation Formally
Launched at Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Dec. 15.—War was formally declared on the United States Steel corporation by the leaders of organized labor throughout the United States and Canada at the close of a two-day conference here.

The decision to battle long and hard against the stand taken by the steel corporation in its policy of "open shop" was reached by the labor conference after two hours of debate.

At the conference which passed the remarkable battle decree, Samuel Gompers presided, and through him the measure was put upon the record books of the executive council of the American Federation of Labor.

The resolution deals principally with the low wages paid the men in the employ of the steel corporation; the hours of work and the general condition of oppression under which the corporation is alleged to hold its employees.

RAVAGES BY DEER

It May Result In a Short Open Season
In the Bay State

Boston, Dec. 17.—As a result of the many claims presented to the state treasurer this year on account of damage done by deer, a strenuous effort will be made in the next legislature to have an open season adopted, for a part of the fall, at least.

This year the amount paid out of the state treasury for deer damages is \$7,923.09, with probably a large number of claims still to come in, and this in spite of the law passed two years ago permitting farmers to kill deer discovered in the act of injuring crops or trees.

Most of the claims this year come from the western counties, although the town of Salisbury has presented eighteen for small amounts.

Little Fellow Kills His Brother
Foxcroft, Me., Dec. 14.—Clyde Oakes, aged 10, shot and instantly killed his brother Norman, aged 15, while playing with an "unloaded" rifle in their home at Steadman's Landing. The 38-calibre bullet carried away the top of the victim's head.

Baroness as an Actress

London, Dec. 17.—Deerholm Tree's revival of the Christmas play, "Pinks and the Fairies," was notable for the successful debut as an actress of Baroness Von Hutten, formerly Betsy Riddle of Pennsylvania, in the role of Aunt Imogen.

Seven Dead in Tenement House Fire
Cincinnati, Dec. 15.—Blackened and ruined walls of a four-story tenement house here bear evidence of an early morning fire in which seven lives were sacrificed and a dozen persons were injured, three probably fatally. An overturned kerosene lamp upset by a fight on the second floor is said to have started the blaze.

SENATOR RAINES DEAD

Greatest Fame Came as Father of
New York's Liquor Law

Camden, N. Y., Dec. 17.—State Senator John Raines, who has been chief of the Republican forces on the floor of the New York state senate since 1892, died here, after an illness of several weeks, of intestinal trouble.



SENATOR JOHN RAINES.

John Raines was the son of a Methodist clergyman. He was born in Camden, N. Y., May 6, 1810. He was educated in the public schools and was graduated from the law school of the Albany university in 1851. He served successively as assemblyman, senator, congressman and again as senator. He was perhaps best known as the author of the state liquor law.

In 1861 he raised a company of volunteers and was commissioned captain of Company G of the Eighty-Fifth regiment of New York volunteers. He served in the Army of the Potomac until July, 1863, when he resumed the practice of law.

PARASITES MAKING GOOD PROGRESS

Doing Much Toward Eliminating
Moths in New England

Washington, Dec. 17.—No action respecting a gypsy and brown tail moth appropriation will be taken by the committee on agriculture until after the holidays. Secretary Wilson has recommended \$300,000, but it is practically certain that the amount will not be increased over that of last year, \$250,000. All this money is spent in New England.

The most encouraging feature of the situation is the rapidly with which the natural parasitic enemies of the pests are spreading. The parasites now cover an area of 500 miles. The areas of infestation are clearly defined in the New England states and the work of extermination is carried on there scientifically.

Widow's Million Exempt From Tax
Chicago, Dec. 17.—It was decided by Judge Hiniker in the county court here that the \$1,000,000 paid from the estate of the late Marshall Field to his widow by an ante-nuptial agreement cannot be taxed by the state under the inheritance tax law of Illinois.

BABY'S PITIFUL CASE OF ECZEMA

Summer Rash Became a Dreadful
Itching Humor—Big Blisters
Formed and Skin Grew as Hard
and Rough as Bark—Scratched
and Tore Flesh till Blood Ran.

ALMOST MAGIC CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Our son, two years old, was very much afflicted with a breaking out or what looked to be a summer rash. I applied the usual remedies, such as washing with soda water and powdering with boracic acid. Finally, after he suffered with the trouble several weeks I took him to the doctor. He said it was merely a rash that was quite prevalent, and that if we gave the right treatment and that I should just continue it and the baby would soon be all right. But instead of getting better it was getting worse. The rash ran together and made large blisters. The little fellow didn't want to do anything but scratch and we had to wrap his hands up to keep him from it as he would tear the flesh open till the blood would run. The itching was intense, causing loss of appetite and flesh. When it seemed to hurt him most the skin on his back became hard and rough like the bark of a tree so that rubbing or brushing would not break it. We were so feverish that I thought it a bad case of eczema. I could not wear any clothes but a little nightgown with the sleeves just fastened at the top of the shoulder. He suffered intensely for about three months. But I found a remedy in Cuticura Soap for which I was given the name of Cuticura. I applied Cuticura Ointment with which I was given the name of Cuticura. I kept the rash from spreading and in less than a week the result was almost magical. That was more than two years ago and there has not been the slightest symptom of it since he was cured. I am never very long without Cuticura Soap as my family know the value of it and don't like a substitute. J. W. Lank, Yukon, Okla., Aug. 28 and Sept. 17, '08."

Millions of women throughout the world use Cuticura Soap and Ointment for eczema, rashes, itching, irritations, inflammations, chafing, pimples, blackheads, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, scabies, antiseptic cleansing, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery.

**MONEY DEPOSITED IN THE
INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY**

NEWPORT BRANCH

On or before November 15 draws interest from
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CYRUS E. BROWN,
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All our fine trimmed Hats at a great reduction to give all a chance to get a choice Hat at a Bargain.

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FOR CHRISTMAS!

We Have an Assortment of

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

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MARKED DOWN TO LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

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The cheapest place to buy, if you draw your own coal.

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Absolutely clean coal.

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CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

P. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescription that was on the street & Co. are now on my eye. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Optical prescriptions given personally.

118 SPRING STREET.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to CORNELIUS MORRIS, Prop'r.

PERRY HOUSE,

WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, \$3 up. Special Rates by the Week. E. H. WISWIS, Proprietor.

THE PURSUIT OF SALLY

And the New Professor in the Woman's College.

By LOUISE OSBORN.
Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.

"They'll never think of looking for us here in the grove at this time," Sally Purdon looked anxiously over her shoulder with less confidence than her words implied.

"But what if they don't find us?" asked Julia breathlessly, trying to keep pace with her companion. "If we aren't able to get back to the village in time for the dinner that won't help us very much."

"We'll manage to get back all right," said Sally, looking critically through the trees at the falling light of the autumn sun. "It will be dark enough soon for us to make a dash out through the other end of the grove, through one of the farms, and from there we can get to the village from the upper end. The sophomores won't expect us in that direction."

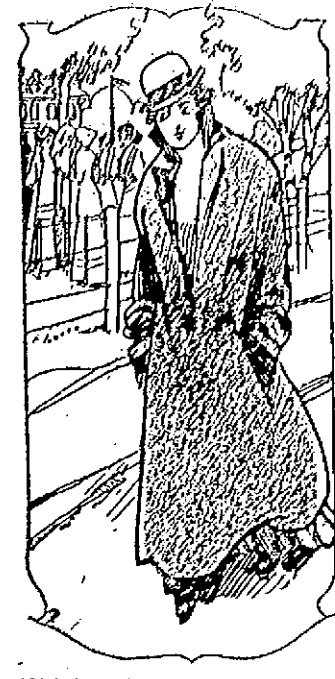
"Quick!" Sally had suddenly changed the tone of her voice and was crouching with an arm around her companion behind a clump of laurel bushes. "They're in the grove," she whispered. "No flat and don't breathe!"

"Oh, dear!" whispered Julia as the shrub twigs scratched her face, but Sally's palm, clasped suddenly over her mouth, cut her complaints short.

The sound of hurried footsteps on the dead leaves and whispering voices came nearer. "They're in here somewhere," said one. "We must get Sally anyway." The footsteps suddenly ceased within a few feet of the crouching freshmen.

Sally, with one hand still held firmly over her companion's mouth, crouched with every sense alert.

"They're circling us," whispered one, and the sound of the clumping leaves announced at least a temporary relief for the freshmen. When the sounds were lost in the distance Sally crawled



STOUCED FAST THE EXASPERATED SOPHOMORES.

carefully from the bushes, dragging her friend, limp and distracted, with her.

"I can't move a step," Julia begged. "I'm so dreadfully frightened."

"Fiddsticks, Julia," said Sally, with scorn. "Why, if the girls had known you were such a baby they would never have elected you vice president."

"Oh, I wish they hadn't. It's dreadful. Do they steal just the officers?"

"Of course. Just me and you and the treasurer and the secretary," Sally explained. "You ought to be proud to be worth stealing. Let's make a dash for the farm now before they come back." Argument having failed, Sally tried to carry her friend by main force. "Quick!" she urged. "They're coming."

The returning footsteps only made the timid vice president more stolid. "I can't move!" she moaned.

Suddenly the figure of a sophomore sprang from behind the shadows of the trees. Julia started to scream.

"Silence!" commanded the sophomore in mock solemnity.

The plucky little freshman president let go her hold on her helpless friend, dodged the attempted grasp of a second sophomore who had appeared on the scene and ran with a sure foot and a steady pulse through the dark grove toward the farm and the open country beyond. She leaped skillfully over a fence, dashed down a country lane, crept under a hedge and found herself on the open highway that led to the village.

It was now about 6 o'clock, and she had half an hour to make her way through the hanks and traps of the vigilant sophomores to her expected classmates awaiting her to gala attire at one of the village tea rooms. Freshman presidents had evaded sophomores before and reached their class banquets, but they had been disguised as jockeys or smugglers in tied up in laundry bags or wrapped in burlap and delivered from caterers' wagons hours before the banquet.

"I'll just have to trust to luck and my own muscle," thought Sally, with undoubted nerve, as she walked along the country road.

But when, as she rounded the last corner and turned into the village street, she heard the sound of quick footsteps behind the hedge at her side she felt a fatiguing sense of defeat.

"There she is," she heard some one call, and Sally made a sudden dash across the street and dashed through the campus gate into the protecting shadow of one of the college buildings. Safe for a moment, she crouched along the wall to the corner of the building. Then, with head bent forward, she made another quick turn and rushed headlong into—

With a quick sense of relief it came to her that sophomores didn't wait

The Swiftest Runners.

To Mexico, in the little mountain town of Bocoyun, in the State of Chihuahua, there is a tribe of Indians whose physical endurance and long-distance running are phenomenal. A writer in the New York Sun says this tribe of swiftest runners are the Tarahumara. Their powers have been brought to light by the construction of an American railroad in the neighborhood.

Although pedestrians of other climes and those insured to the advance of long-distance running can seldom play more than ten miles, the Tarahumara think nothing of jaunts of one hundred to two hundred miles, and these distances, too, at a gait that seems incredible.

The favorite course is from Bocoyun to the town of Mules and return, a distance of one hundred and ten miles in all, and over a trail exceedingly rough in places.

At a race not long ago Americans made up a purse of one hundred dollars to be awarded to the winner. Great interest was manifested in the race, for the runner offered is a considerable fortune to the members of the tribe. A council was immediately held by the chiefs, and two of the fastest runners were selected to contest for the prize.

When all was ready the runners set out from Bocoyun, first at a slow swinging gait. As they went along they waited to their work, and the pace was quickened. To the surprise of everybody, the winner made the full distance in sixteen hours.

Each year the Tarahumara hold a big race at the town of Mules, usually in the month of November. The race takes in a big sweep of country, and eight miles in circumference, the total distance being one hundred and forty miles. On the last occasion of this race the winner came home in thirty hours, and three others were close up.

What was still more wonderful was the fact that each runner was handicapped by having to kick a wooden ball along the ground in front of him for the entire journey, and was disqualified if he touched it with his hands.

Prior to the construction of the railroad, it was nothing for a Tarahumara to leave Bocoyun for Chihuahua, a distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles by way of the most direct trail over the mountains, one morning and return the next morning. It is said to believe that this two hundred and seventy miles could be covered by a human being about in twenty-four hours, but it has been done time and again by the Indians.

They seem to be possessed of greater lung capacity than any other known race of people.

They eat very little before making their long journeys.

As to their method of progression, it is peculiar, and adapted to long-distance running. They move along in a sort of lops, or swing foot, which does not seem to be in the least tiring.

Some time ago a Mexican commander arrived at Bocoyun. He had with him an important dispatch which he desired to send at the earliest possible moment to the war department. The nearest telegraph point was Chihuahua. He entrusted the message to a Tarahumara runner, and it was delivered to the federal telegraph operator in exactly nine hours. The runner was back in Bocoyun in twelve hours. Then he had a sleep of three hours, and was sent with another message to the military commander at Parral, two hundred miles distant. When he returned he was seemingly none the worse for the trip.

The Tarahumara have learned none of the uses of the white man. This may be the secret of their endurance. They are strictly temperate, and tobacco is unknown to them.

The Cat and the Baby.

A Medical Opinion as to the Tradition of a Feline Danger.

Several physicians have investigated the ancient story that cats suck the breath of babies, and Dr. J. H. Gibbs declares that the theory is ridiculous. Cats occasionally kill children, he declares, but they do it in a different fashion.

"It has been stated that a cat's hostility is so formed as to make a perfect junction with the nose of a baby," said Dr. Gibbs, "and that a little pressure would push them upward and make them a perfect fit. Then the cat's chin, would rest over and below the baby's mouth, preventing it from opening to relieve the strangulation while the cat sucked its breath. That is all rot. The manner in which little children are killed by cats is this: A cat looking for a warm place to curl up and sleep them down upon the chest of a little child, and, being quite heavy—many cats are as heavy as little babies—simply crushes the breath out of the child's lungs, and strangulation takes place, but not through sucking of the child's breath."

"The idea that only black cats kill little babies is equally ridiculous. It is simply because black cats are considered unlucky. In former times the black cat was considered the very genius of witchcraft. In those days when a baby died the blame was often fixed upon some hag who, the judges said, had sent a black cat to suck the baby's breath. And often hag and cat suffered death at the stake."

"Evil omens is still the cry in many parts of the world whenever a black cat approaches a cradle. Many persons are so superstitious that the appearance of a black cat in a sick room is considered equivalent to an announcement of approaching death. What could be more absurd?"

"Mothers need not be afraid of cats, black, white or green, sucking their babies' breath and murdering them. It is true that this popular fallacy should be exploded."—New York World.

CARE OF FLOORS.

What an Expert Has to Say About Their Treatment.

It is money in the pocket and temper sitting at well to housekeepers to have floors of apartments and houses finished to be kept clean and fresh without getting down to the wood. To elucidate, the softest wood will wear longer and look better if it is well filled with paint and topped with a hard varnish. This makes a shell-like finish into which water or other liquid cannot soak. On the other hand, if porous wood, such as pine, is not treated in this fashion it retains its original quality, something in the nature of blotting paper, and any liquid spilled soaks in below the surface to be removed only by the application of kerosene or other strong acids. This in turn destroys the color, and the floor looks old and shabby before it has really begun to be used.

A lead gray is an excellent color for a kitchen and pantry as well as for a hall through which there is much tramping. It is a better color for durability than brown or mahogany, though both appeal more to the eye.

To look their best floors before any paint is put on should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and ammonia, and when dry one coat of paint should be put on. This must be allowed to dry for twenty-four hours before another coat is added. Whether or not a third is used depends upon the quality of the floor and the long head of the landlord. If the wood has been much used it is more than likely that the third coat will be necessary to fill the worn places to the surface, and in such a case it is economy to put on plenty of paint. In a new floor it is not always required. In any event, painting is merely a foundation, a color over which varnish is placed to preserve the color.

The finish should be of the hard kind that is used on the decks and spars of ships. This costs more, but it is waterproof, and the greatest amount of slopping about a ship will not affect it. A good painter will make such a foundation hard before he puts on the enamel-like liquid, and then he will demand that several days shall elapse before it is walked on. Twelve or twenty-four hours are sufficient for it to dry, but this does not permit of hardening, an action through which it must pass if it is to wear.

A floor treated in this manner needs wiping once a week with a cloth wet with kerosene. It should never be washed, for, though waterproof, the continued use of water will affect its high polish. If water is spilled no stain will be made for a long time; but, even so, only a careless person would allow the moisture to stay until it dried.

According to an experienced painter, kerosene is the best for wiping stained or painted floors. Oil does not improve off—that is, those which are heavy. But kerosene cleans without greasing and for such purpose is better than soap. Indeed, the latter should not be applied.

PASSPORTS.

Method of Applying For Them Is the State Department.

Passports are issued to citizens of the United States upon application to the state department in Washington. The application must be accompanied by an affidavit attested by a notary public or other officer empowered to administer oaths stating that the applicant is a citizen and giving the place of birth and age, and it must be accompanied by the certificate of one other citizen to whom he is personally known that the declaration made by the applicant is true.

The application must be accompanied by a description of the person, particularly as to age, height, complexion, forehead, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, hair and face. Black forms are furnished by the state department on application. The fee for each passport is \$1. Citizens traveling abroad may also obtain passports by applying to United States ambassadors and consuls.

Where any person has made a declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States and has resided in the United States for three years a passport valid for six months may be issued to him. This passport is not renewable and does not entitle the holder to the protection of this government in the country of which he was originally a citizen.—New York American.

MOUNT ETNA.

It Is Said to Hold All the Climates of the Earth.

Mount Etna has furnished more material for travelers' tales than any other mountain on earth. Antiquated Englishmen of a century ago, who fell into the fashionable habit of climbing to its highest peak—and some did so, to the amazement of the Skefftons, even in the dead of winter—have left on record in the exuberant language of their day the emotions that thrilled their soul. "The man who treads Mount Etna," wrote one of these, "is a man above the world. Every river on the island can be traced from its mouth to its source."

"The characters," the same writer continues, "of all the climates of the earth can be detected—the frigid close around one, the temperate with its belt of trees just beneath and the tropical at the base of the mountain, with its vineyards and luxuriant groves. The great ocean around, with the islands of Lipari, Panari, Alicudi, Stromboli and Vulcano, and their smoking summits, appear under your feet, and you took down upon the whole of Sicily as upon a map."

In addition to all the climates, Etna is reported to have trees that rival the giants of California, lakes that never thaw, bottomless caverns and salable snow.—Chicago News.

Sonny's Father's Wisdom.

[From "A Monologue by Sonny's Father" in the Christmas Century.]

He was a good man, my father was, and his usual form of address to me was "my son" these old, unadorned, and I don't know but it's helped me all my life. I sort of challenge a boy to be called "my son" by a good man.

I've always thought that if I had my choice, my life could express worship, I'd choose for it to be praise.

We had a happy life together, mother and me. Somehow, Dad, I've taken to calling him "pa" lately, and I like it. It's company to me, isn't it? When the dead are dearer, they cease to be company to us.

It's mighty hard to look in any direction and not see life, or love, or joy—and mostly all three.

I like children to grow up with the responsibility of dependent life about 'em; and the more service it requires of 'em, the better.

That's my chief objection to most of the new labor-saving machines: they're so senseless and cold.

That's my principal objection to automobiles. It's a lack of heart, along with insanity, and a disposition to override. Think of a horse with a "honk" for a whistle—and a gas-engine breath!

The perfection of common things and the removal of obstacles seem like it would result in perfect ease and unrelieved health, after a while; but I believe it'll only mean a shift of pivots and a new class of ailments—and healers.

Temper's a good, honest fault, once it's in hand.

If I knew I was liable to be wiped out sudden, and had a last-minute vote as to what I'd be next, I'd say, "If it's the same to you, dear Lord, I'd like to be a boy again. Make me a boy again. To be a boy again."

Editor—Did you interview the leader of the suffragettes?

Reporter—I tried to, but she wouldn't talk.

Editor—Wouldn't talk? Good heavens, man, was she dead?—Circle.

Teacher—What is the superlative of hip?

Scholar (after having pondered for some time)—(Dead)—If Moudo Unofficial.

Santo—He is not rich and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.

Rodd—How can that be?

Santo—He works in the mint.

A woman isn't always true to her colors, even when she paints.

THE BASEBALL UMPIRE.

Very Different From the Flight Referee or the Race Judge.

Good umpires are rare. In the whole country there are not more than ten first rate ones. The combination of the keen eye, shrewd brain and cold nerve is not a common one.

The umpire is the chain lightning of baseball. His decisions are rendered in the fifth part of a second. He renders them knowing that he must stand by them afterward, no matter what happens. Every man inside the fence, whether blinded by prejudice or loyalty to the home team, sees the same things and therefore feels that he has a right to his own opinion, but the umpire is the one man who is paid to know what he sees.

The prizefight referee sometimes has to decide which boxer won a hard battle. He has had time in which to review the situation. The whole moving picture of the fight stretches backward in his memory. Should the choice prove a difficult one there is always the comfortable middle ground—the draw decision, in which neither man wins or loses. The baseball umpire can render no draw decisions. The man is safe or he is out.

When two race horses come nodding down to the wire and two noses flash by the post so close together that a finger breadth means thousands of dollars to the backers, the race track judge may fall back on the dead heat. The baseball umpire has no dead heat. Watching foot and ball, he must know which one was first. He can confer with no one. Right or wrong, the judgment must be made in the twinkling of an eye.—C. E. Van Loan in Munsey's Magazine.

CHRISTMAS SALAD.

Delicious Confections of Malaga Grapes and Blood Oranges.

A fruit salad for Christmas is as refreshing as a sherbet, which is so often served between the hearty courses of a dinner, says the Baltimore, and once a housekeeper begins to experiment with fruit salads there is practically no end to the variations she may concoct. Oranges, grapefruit, Malaga grapes and bananas are the fruits most frequently used for this purpose, and the arrangement may be as elaborate or as plain as the salad maker chooses. When made of oranges or grapefruit the ideal way of serving is in the fruit shells, the bottoms being trimmed off to insure a firm foundation.

After cutting the fruit in halves remove the pulp, drain off any excess juice and dress the pulp with ordinary French dressing, using but half the usual quantity of vinegar. Put some tiny white lettuce leaves in these fruit shells, put in the pulp and place either a little plum of celery or a bright red maraschino cherry in the center.

A Christmas salad made of blood oranges and Malaga grapes arranged on a bed of dark green watercress was an effective salad which was much admired at a small home dinner last Christmas.

Sections of blood oranges laid crosswise of a long, narrow leaf of romaine, quite an interval showing between the sections, is a very artistic Christmas salad, and the center section may be decorated with some small feathery pieces of celery.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS.

When broiling halibut cover the fish with minced green pepper. The seasoning will be found to be delicious.

In putting down linoleum or oilcloth have strips of molting nailed above the linoleum where it comes to the baseboard. This prevents dust from getting underneath and also preserves the edges from moisture under the floor covering.

A linoleum may be freshened perceptibly if given a coat of linseed oil and paraffin. Roll the oil and wax together and apply while still hot with a brush. Use only enough to cover the surface and when finished wipe it off dry with a cloth.

What Girls Should Know.

How to broil an inexpensive steak and how to make over last year's hat so that it will do as things that Mrs. Ella Flagg Young thinks that the Chicago schools should teach every girl. There will be a much more extensive domestic science course under her efficient superintendency.

Emotional.

"What sort of role does Rounder take in the new drama?"

"An emotional one. In the big scene he is offered a drink which he has to refuse."

CASTORIA.

For Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Eczema, Itch, Scabies, Ringworm, and all Skin Diseases. Sold by Druggists.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Make all queries as brief as possible, consistent with clearness. 3. With one side of the paper only. 4. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 5. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in black stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss S. M. PILEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1909.

NOTES.

FROM OLD NEWPORT RECORDS.—Dead. Timothy Peckham of Newport and Dinah his wife, to Benjamin Norton, land in Newport, fronting on a street leading from Thames street, to a street or highway.

Bounded northerly on said street, 10 feet easterly on land of Ed. Timothy Peckham 80 feet, southerly on land of John Chipman and partly on land belonging to Nathaniel Coggeshall, 10 feet, and westerly on land belonging to Ed. Benjamin Norton.

Dated February 11, 1745; recorded March 31, 1749.

Dead. Freegift Coggeshall of Newport, to son William Coggeshall, Mariner, land, bounded north on highway 180 feet, west Freegift Coggeshall 54 feet, east on a way south on Benedict Arnold's. Dated June 24, 1716; recorded February 8, 1719-20.

Dead. Benjamin Bull of Newport to Wm. James, land in Newport, bounded north on only highway from the sea up to ye House of Ed. Benjamin Bull where Jno. Robinson now liveth 88 feet east on Highway, 82 feet south on Timothy Peckham's land and partly on my own land 80 feet.

Dated February 23, 1711-12; recorded May 29, 1712.

Dead. Thomas Norton to Freegift Coggeshall, land—feet front, west ward—and 54 feet south bounded easterly on a highway, southerly upon Benedict Arnold's land westerly on a lot of Freegift Coggeshall, northerly on a highway leading west of 30 feet wide. Dated June 17, 1719; recorded June 17, 1718.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6548. TULL—Benjamin Tuell and Darkis Downer were married at Newport, R. I., May 18, 1768? Can any one give me a list of their children?—T. T.

6549. LYNDON—Would like list of children of Caleb Lyndon, of Newport, R. I. He married, Jan. 29, 1767, Susannah Hammond? Did they have a daughter Abigail?—T. T.

6550. HAMMOND—Who were the parents of Susannah Hammond of above query?—T. T.

6551. GODDARD—Who were the parents of Daniel Goddard, of Jamestown, R. I.? He married Mary Tripp, at Daymouth, Mass., and came to Newport about 1744.—T. T.

6552. TOWNSEND—Would like parentage of Job Townsend, who was born 1703, died Jan. 18, 1768. He married Rebecca. Would like her ancestry.—T. T.

6553. WEAVER—Who was Elizabeth, wife of Clement Weaver, of Middletown, R. I.? She was mentioned in his will, dated Jan. 18, 1784, rec. Sept. 18, 1788. He also mentioned son James. Is this the James Weaver who married Rebecca Coggeshall Oct. 1 or 31, 1781?—T. T.

6554. CARPENTER—Abigail Carpenter and William Card were married 18, 1758. Abigail was born 7, 1758. William and Nabby Card of Newport, R. I. sold to John Carpenter (probably of East Greenwich) the land drawn in the division of estate of father, the late Col. John Carpenter, 4, 8, 1792, East Greenwich land records. William and Nabby Card had issue: William, Mary, Joseph, Abigail, Elizabeth Allen, Carmel Carpenter, John Carpenter and Thomas Carpenter, who died young. What was the name of the wife of Colonel John Carpenter?—A. B.

6555. GARDNER—Nathaniel Gardner is said to have married a Larkin. He had children, Nathaniel, Edwin, Mary and Eason. Gardner later married Hannah Tefft. Wanted identity of Nathaniel Gardner and his wife Larkin, or was it Easton? One of Eason Gardner's sons married a Hannah Stevens, daughter of Ira Stevens. Wanted information of them. Can not find one listed?—M.

ANSWERS.

6472. RENTON—Who L. C. asked for children of Clark Renton and on wife Mary Card, I did not have access to my records, and have not been able to copy them. I think they are both buried in Cemetery at Greenwich, Washington Co., N. Y., and can not be sure.

Clark Renton born July 4, 1713, died May 6, 1748, married Susannah Coggeshall, born Dec. 22, 1712, died Nov. 1, 1748, born Providence, R. I. Cemetery.

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had twin sons Alfred and Albert; second wife Polly Gurnsey had Betsy; Jerusha John, married Delta Cook; Mary Prudy, married Amasa Rose; Andrew, married Mary Young; (2) Jane Ann Foster.

Clark, married (1) Ann Coffin; (2) Sarah Miller; Job, married Jeannette Gurnsey; Jane, married Thomas Bryant.

Mary Card, born Dec. 26, 1768, died Nov. 2, 1815, was daughter of Benjamin in Calhoun and Tacy (Lewis) Card. He was born —, died 1803; she was born Sept. 20, 1718, died 1823; both were buried in Card ground and graves marked.

Benjamin Calhoun Card was adopted son of Joseph and Judith Card. Tacy Lewis, born Sept. 20, 1743, was daughter of Enoch and Mary (Kenyon) Lewis, married in Charlestown, N. I., Feb. 27, 1742. Mary, daughter of John and Elizabeth (Kenyon) Kenyon, —J. L. B. S.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented to Doctor Henry J. Knapp, the residence, consulting rooms, automobile shed and stable in rear, at No. 20 Catherine street, corner of Brinley street. The house is the home of the late Dr. David King. Three premises were once occupied by the late Dr. Rankin, but have since that time been rented by Mr. Taylor continuously for 18 years to Dr. Knapp.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Livingston, formerly of this city, but now of New York, were guests of Mr. Livingston's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Hase, the past week.

Election of Officers.

Newport Tent, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees.

Commander—Frank P. King.
Lieutenant Commander—Ebenzer T. Martland.
Recorder—Charles S. Crandall.
Chaplain—Nathan H. Dyer.
Master-at-Arms—George A. Peckham.
First Master of Guards—Joseph L. Murray.
Second Master of Guards—George King.
Picket—Sidney E. King.

Lawson-Warren Relief Corps.

President—Chas. L. Lake.
Senior Vice President—Leone C. Sisson.
Junior Vice President—Sarni Melanson.
Treasurer—Margaret Hamilton.
Chaplain—John L. Lee.
Conductor—Elin S. Dunbar.
Guard—Sarni Melanson.
Patrol Instructor—Fanny Lawton.
Delegates to Department Encampment—Ida McLaughlin, Fanny Lawton, Emma Lawton.
Alternates—Ann Martland, Charly Peckham, Emma Sisson.

Newport Horticultural Society.

President—James Robertson.
Vice Presidents—John H. Hammond, John Forbes.
Secretary—Daniel J. Conger.
Financial Secretary—Andrew S. Metkie.
Treasurer—Andrew K. McLaughlin.
Sergeant at Arms—William F. Smith.
Auditing Committee—Bruce Butterfield, W. Scott Sisson, Herbert Miles.
Executive Committee—The officers and Samuel Spicer, Alexander MacLellan, Charles Norton, G. M. Hogbold, John W. Urquhart, Bruce Butterfield, Patrick F. Reynolds, John Mackay.

Jamestown.

Conanical Grange.

Master—George Howland.
Overseer—Eveland Armstrong.
Steward—B. D. Higgins.
Assistant Steward—E. S. Tenn.
Secretary—Alice Clara Clarke.
Treasurer—Vernon Head.
Gate Keeper—Miss M. Burdick.
Chaplain—George G. Carr.
Lecturer—Mrs. J. E. Wadon.
Pomona—Mrs. G. L. Barber.
Flora—Mrs. G. H. Carr.
Gores—Mrs. Ferdinand Armstrong.
Lay Assistant—Steward—Miss Jennie Clarke.
Member of the executive committee for three years—J. C. Tenn.
Organist—Mrs. H. S. Stubbs.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

For the election of directors for the ensuing year and for such other business that may properly come before said meeting, will be held at their banking rooms, Tuesday, January 11, 1910, at 3 o'clock.

GEORGE H. PROUD,
Cashier.

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Christmas Store

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Make THIS Store YOUR Store.

Here you may select gifts suitable for anyone.

BARNEY'S MUSIC STORE.

140 THAMES STREET.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

Committee on Taxation Laws.

The Joint Special Committee on Taxation Laws, appointed under authority of a resolution of the General Assembly of 1908, for the purpose of studying and considering the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

PUBLIC HEARINGS

on proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

1. The proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

2. The proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

3. The proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

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10. The proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

11. The proposed changes in the Federal question of taxation to be made by the House of Representatives on December 15, 1909, and on the various proposals for taxation, will hold public hearings on the following subjects:

Santa's Greatest Jubilee Begun.

The story of his great Fairyland is on every tongue. Never was there a place one-half so enchanting; never was there a playhouse where Xmas thoughts found such delightful expression. The very thought for each dear friend is here, for each member of the family. Just stand them all in a row, think what you'd like to give to each one, then come to Santa's Xmas land—you'll find it and so little priced the tiniest purse will find enough and to spare.

A wise family will do its picking now. It will get the cream and skip the rush, and we'll keep what you pick until Xmas

MISSION DESK THINGS.	MISSION CHAIRS AND ROCKERS	MISSION DESKS.
Letter Spindles.....30c.	Heavy Posted Chairs of solid oak for desk.....\$2.25	Ladies' desks of mission oak with drop lid, finely designed.....\$5.75
Book Holders of quartered oak.....35c.	Straight chairs for den with genuine leather seat.....\$1.50	Large gentlemen's flat top table desk with drawers at side.....\$13.60
ink wells on mission oak stands with pen rack.....75c.	Large arm rockers solidly built and very comfortable with genuine leather seats.....\$5.00	Mission secretaries with desk and book case combination.....\$15.00
Extension Book Holders with ornamental ends.....\$1.50		

Xmas Special Mission Desk, Chair and Scrap Basket \$8.50



Xmas Special Mission Desk, Chair and Scrap Basket \$8.50

CHAFING DISHES AND ALL THAT GOES WITH THEM

Full sized chafers on wrought iron stand.....\$3.50	12-in. nickel trays.....\$1.25	Porcelain trays in blue and white with serrated nickel rail.....\$1.50
All nickel dish with patent alcohol lamp.....\$4.25	Fork and spoon each.....85c.	Coasters to match, each.....25c.
Beautifully designed dish with enameled pan.....\$5.25	Windshields.....\$1.90	Coasters with cut glass bottom, each.....55c.
Copper finished dishes beautifully patterned.....\$7.50	Flagons.....\$2.25	Imported Austrian composition trays, fine reproduction of Sheffield plate.....\$2.50
	Percolators.....\$5.50	
	Casseroles.....\$3.75	

—AT—

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 112 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

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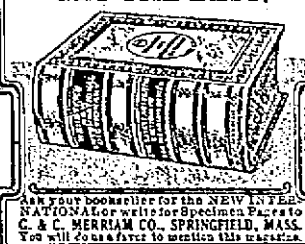
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FARMERS' WEEK,
R. I. STATE COLLEGE,
December 28-31, 1909.

Demonstrations and practical talks upon the following subjects:

Dec. 28—Manures and Fertilizers, Chemical, Farm, and Green Manures.
Dec. 29—Corn, Growing and Handling the Crop. Seed Corn Selection, by N. Howard Brewer, Hockanum, Conn.
Dec. 30—Feeding Farm Animals, Types and Breeds for Rhode Island.
Dec. 31—Sanitary Milk Production, Herd Testing, Babcock Test for Butter Fat.

Sessions will begin at 9.30 A. M. and 1.30 P. M., each day.

Those attending are requested to bring with them ten ear samples of corn for judging. Samples of milk are also requested. Expenses for table board and room for those who wish to remain at the college, \$100 per day; single meals 25c.

Any one interested is invited to attend. A circular giving further details about the course will be mailed on application to the

R. I. STATE COLLEGE,

11-175w KINGSTON, R. I.

Every is the habit of losing our own happiness while longing for another's.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and Issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

5-217

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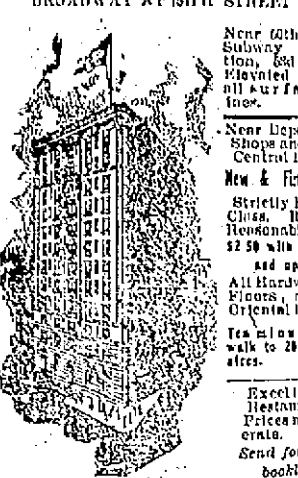
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Can be used on steep or flat roofs.

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